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TRANSITION.

American Poetry Collections.

BY NOAH BRODESTONS.

A Poem recited at the Sixth Annual Fair of the

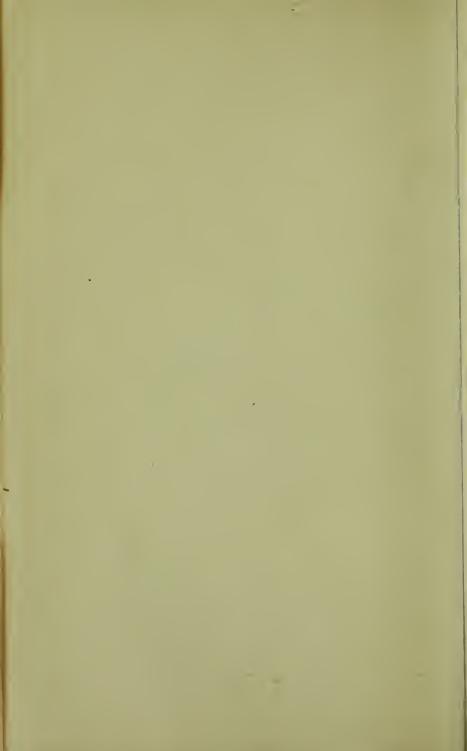
Northern District Agricultural Society.

Marysville, Sept. 6, 1866.

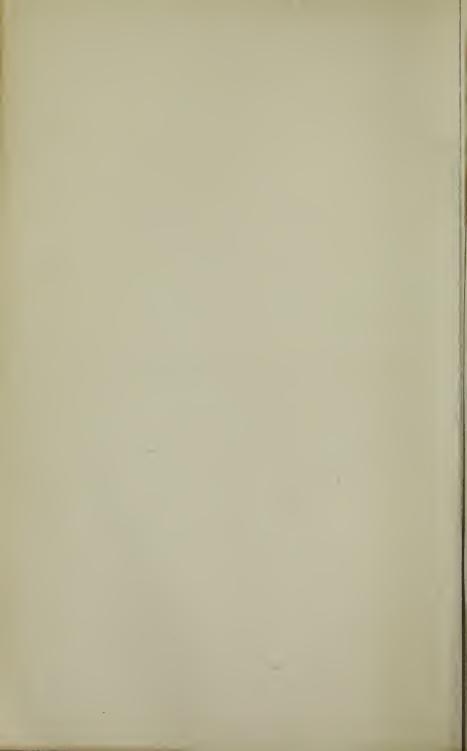
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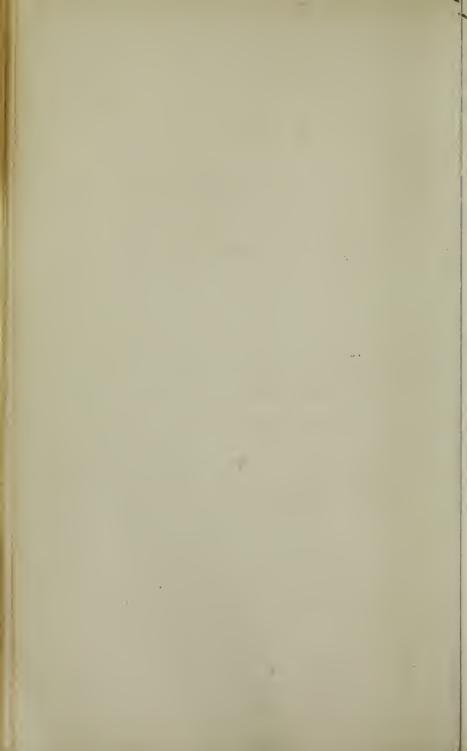
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THE TRANSITION



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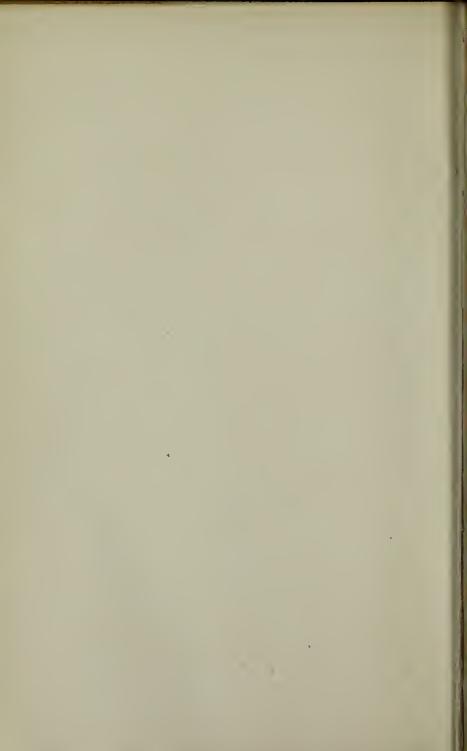
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THE TRANSITION.

CANT is the record, and obscure the page,

That pictures California's earlier age;
Monkish legends, and doubtful chronicles
Of some adventurer of old, who tells
Of goblins dire and dragon-guarded shore,
Where diamond sands are mixed with golden ore;
Veracious Mandevilles of a remoter time,
Or priestly poets, affecting Latin rhyme;
Greedy freebooters, seeking a golden fleece,
With hands unused to gentle arts of peace;
These, and the like, a story-telling band,
A wonder-loving throng, who scourged the land,
Or lauded El Dorado to the skies,
Mingling some truth with fancy-fabled lies,
Are sole historians of those years remote,

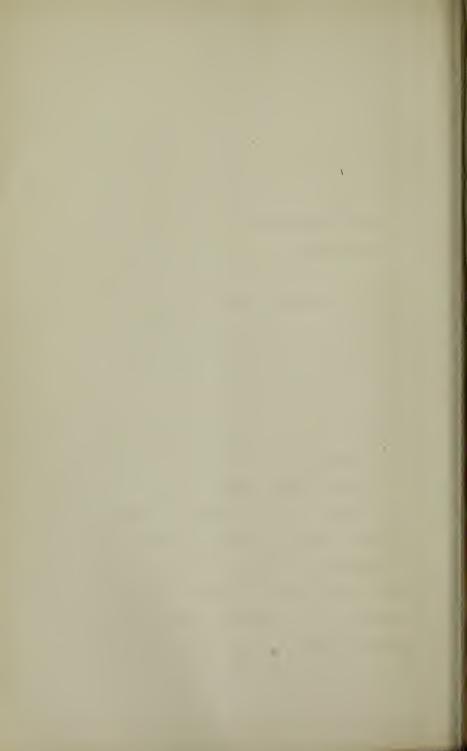


Whose dim traditions and wild stories float
Down from the past, fading, a sunset ray
Grows dim and dimmer with the dying day.
But in this later age, our eyes behold
An Empire rising in this land of gold.
Writing its history as the years unroll
The lustrous future; and the shining scroll.
Whereon, in characters of living light,
Our name and fame, our growth and deeds we write.
Is not the paltry page of mere historic lore
For future times their wits to puzzle o'er,
But more enduring; with a bolder hand.
We grave our history on the mighty land.

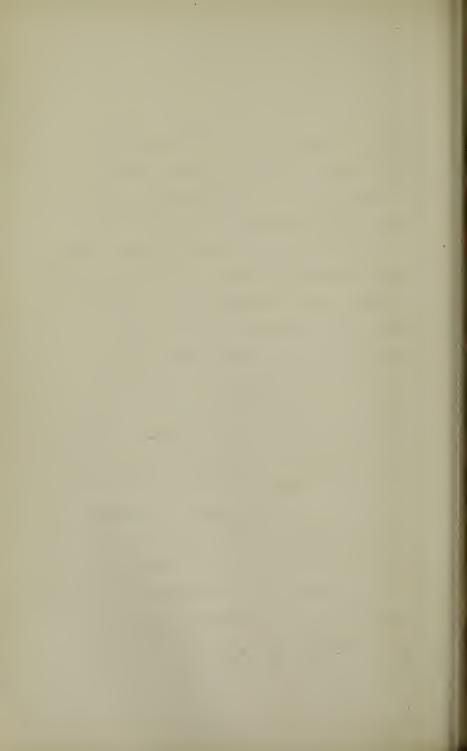
When on these shores, which see the setting sun Gild the warm wave — his daily journey done — The first foundations of the State were laid, And the old flag fluttered, half afraid To sun its folds upon the alien air, When all was passing strange, though passing fair; In mining camp and town, the hard, dry life,



Eager for gold, fevered and wild with strife, Was arid, bare, and bore no trace Of living beauty or of crowning grace. The thirsty plains, glowing beneath the sky, Treeless, unshaded, verdureless and dry, Unsmiling and forbidding in their billowy roll, Were a fit emblem to the home-sick soul Of the mad thirst that raged on every hand, The hurrying heat that parched the weary land. Valleys, uncultured, but dusty deserts seemed, Broken, perhaps, with mirage, where one dream'd He saw, as trees, men walking, and the walls Of ghostly cities, ships in air, or fairy waterfalls, The wild phantasma of a wandering brain, Delirious with heat, or half distraught with pain; The dome-like foot-hills, glaring red and bare, Save were the scrub-oak bronzed in parching air, Or manzanita gnarled its twisted stem, Were destitute of verdure, and the same Brown livery of death, yet dying still,

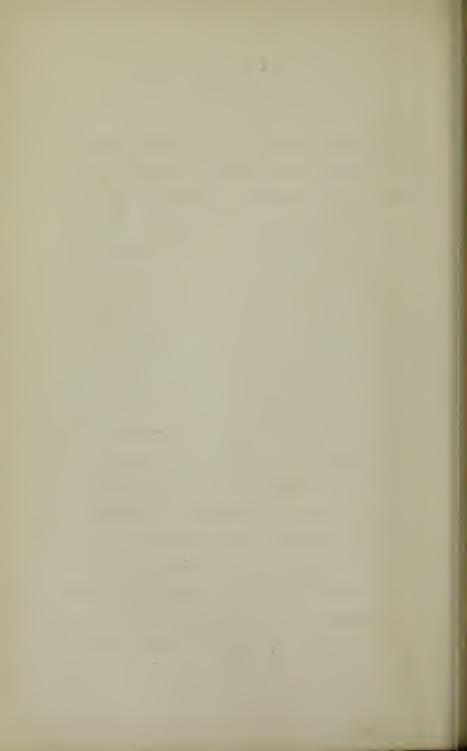


Clad valley, plain, ravine and hill; Men's lawless passions, greed of gain, And brutal force, held undisputed reign; Mutual distrust, suspicion, and a dread Of one another, swayed all men, and spread Like some infection, and then, hand in hand, Revenge and Murder stalked throughout the land. The Law, all powerless, insulted by bold crime, Fell weakly down, and for a space of time, The natural law of self-protection took the blade Of justice, and in her robes of law arrayed, Gave to the State the code events had made. E'en woman's charm, and woman's soft'ning grace. The nameless magic of her angel face, Came not to hallow and redeem the waste: And man athirst and pining for a taste Of home's pure pleasures, but denied That haven of rest, his longings satisfied In scenes of vice where baser passions flamed, Fanned by desire, till sickened and ashamed



Of the debasement of his outraged soul,
He sought oblivion in the tempting bowl.
No childish prattle and no childish glee
Was heard by meadow, brook, or lea;
Nor children danced or chased—a careless band,
Printing their flying footsteps on the shifting sand.
Rapacious man, intent alone on gain,
Rent with rude hands the hillside and the plain.
Swept up the ore his eager hands had found,
Left his rude cabin crumbling to the ground,
With treasures wrung from the reluctant soil,
Sought other lands to enjoy his golden spoil,
Leaving unhealed the gaping wounds his hand
Had wrought upon the scarred and wasted land.

But Ceres came, bright goddess of the fields;
Pomona, too, whose horn of plenty yields
A thousand fruits of every hue and taste,
Touched the dry earth, and straightway all the waste
Burst into life, as if some wizard's wand
Was waved o'er all the bare and arid land.



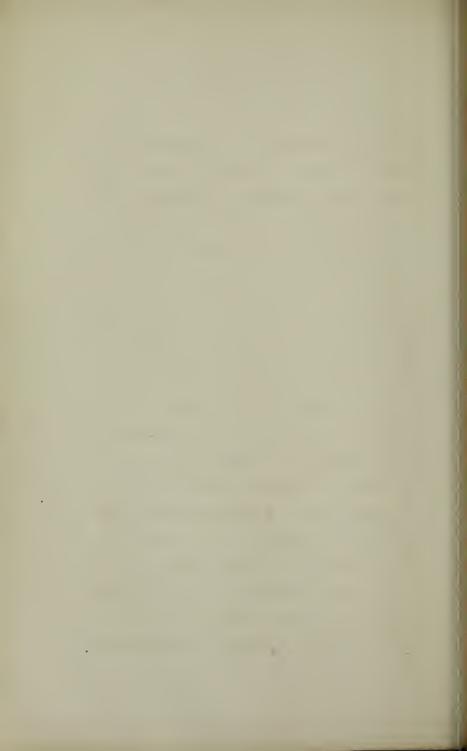
The hills were clothed with verdure, and perfume

Floated from valleys flushed with sudden bloom.

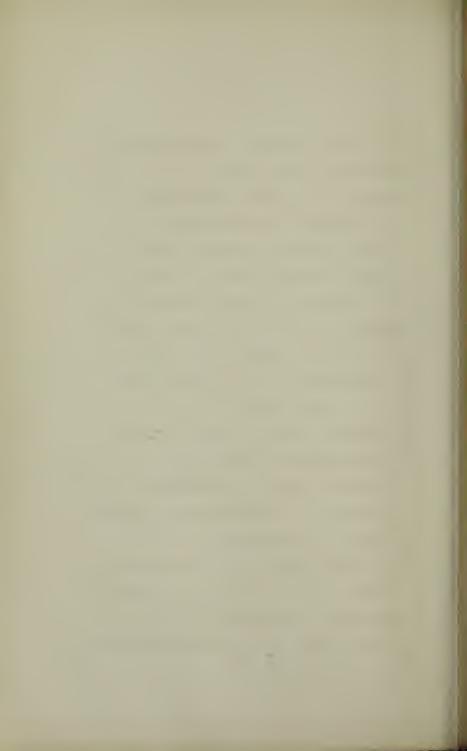
Vast fields of yellow grain stretched out before the eye,

Their more than golden wealth ripening beneath the sky;

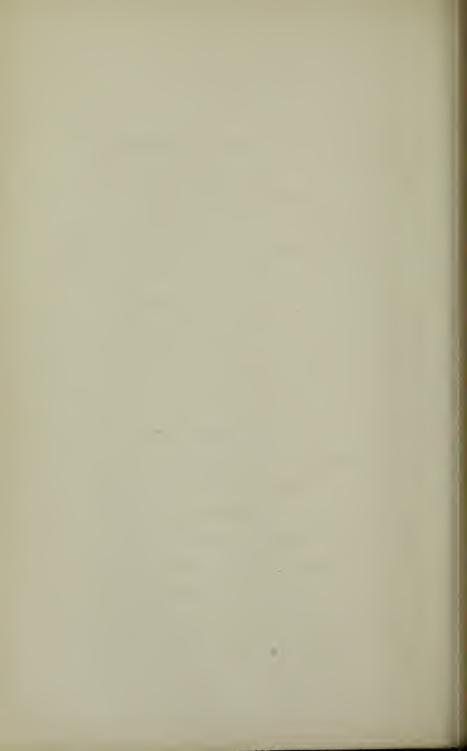
Lending its freshness to the chequered scene, The Indian corn waved all its bannerets of green, Its silken tassels, gleaming like maiden's hair, Sunning their splendors in the filmy air. And then, anon, orchards of apple trees Shook down their rosy petals in the breeze; The homely blossoms, dear to olden times, Mingling their hues with those of tropic climes; Or liquid clusters of the vine, with peach and pear, Unloosed their wealth, colored with pigments rare, With yellow spheres of sunny Spain to lie — New England's growth clust'ring with those of Italy. Then garden spots dotted the hill and plain, The graceful fuschia climbed the window pane,



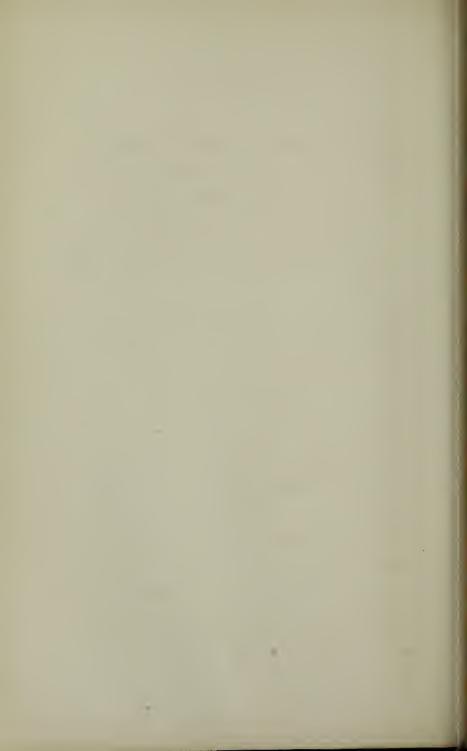
The royal rose flung out its crimson pride, And purple pansies blossomed at its side. Sweet honeysuckles shook tinted trumpets there, The floating fragrance loading the evening air: And 'mid the passion flower's green starry maze, The honest hollyhock, full dear to childhoods' days, Like some old veteran, reared its sturdy stalk, And nodding pinks perfumed the garden walk. E'en Nature sought with patience undismayed, To heal the wounds that envious man had made; With gentle hands she wove a web of vines, Whose tender green, and linked and clinging lines. Hid the bald boulder's blinding glare, Or covered rocks by prying picks laid bare; The fragile columbine that haunts Sierra's dells, In long-deserted diggings shook its rosy bells; The bright-blue larkspur and wild tulip came, With "Indian painted-cup," to set the hills aflame, Their slender roots, in gulch or dry ravine, Finding scant life 'mong pebbles sharp and keen.



The brawling water-power, whose giant hand Had driven a Titan plowshare through the land, Sweeping proud mountain, hill and tree In wild disorder to the distant sea, In milder numbers singing, now became A gliding messenger, subdued and tame; With noiseless flow it wet the thirsty earth, Spreading new life, or, like a song of mirth, Bubbling in liquid laughter to the plain, Its shining sheen dear as the summer rain, It left its home among the snowy pines, To gladden orchards, field and fruity vines. By cool, sequestered nook or rippling rill, On cultured plain, or on some sunny hill, Sprang up the cottage homes where honest toil, Enriched with plenty from the willing soil, Sat 'neath his fig-tree, whose wide-spreading shade Sheltered as well the mother, wife and maid; For woman's charm came with those later days, To smooth man's rough and roughening ways,



Lending new grace to what was bare before, Holding the rover, who now roved no more, Keeping, with gentle but persistent hand, Our would-be Arabs in our own dear land. The hum of children in the village school, And noisy calls, echoing by creek and pool, Spread like sweet music on the Summer air, Cheering the heart of labor and of care. The mill stones' buzz resounded by the flume, And some great factory's tall, smoky plume, Floated along, a stain upon the skies, And furnace fires, with red, unwinking eyes, Like goblins, glowered upon the closing night, Their red rays struggling with the less'ning light. And then, to lift men's thoughts and wishes higher Than this dull earth, the village spire Pointed its finger toward the bending sky, Or, chiming in sweet, melting minstrelsy, The sabbath bells, the bells of prayer, Called the devout to worship there.



Nor, as these various peaceful arts expand,

Do we neglect the golden sinews of the land,

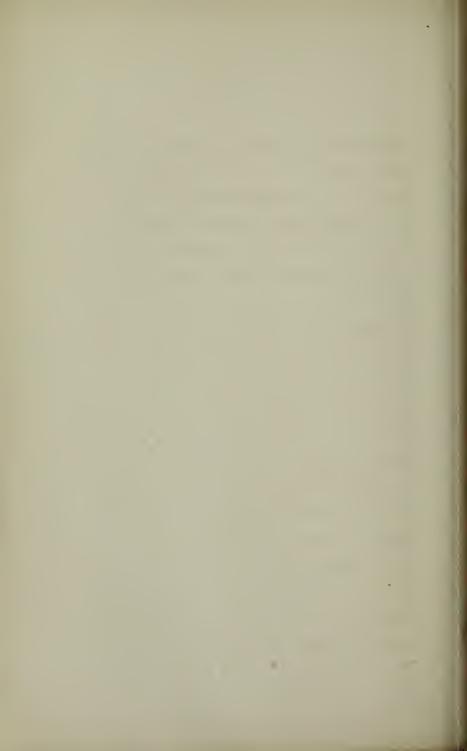
But, down beneath the feathery forest pines,

Or vineyard wealth of purple clustered vines,

The tortuous tunnel and deep-sinking shaft,

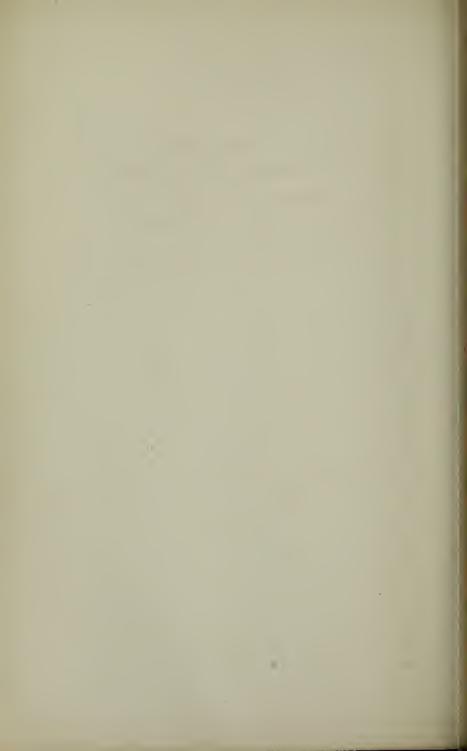
Chambered and braced and wrought with curious craft,

Gleam with the light of flecks of yellow gold,
And yield their stores of hidden wealth untold.
In every glen, from hill to hill, we seem
To hear the quartz-mill's shrilly scream;
And the dull throb of million stamps tell where,
Its secret, ancient mysteries laid bare,
The unwilling quartz gives up its trust
In flying showers of precious dust.
The time shall come when all these tawny hills,
Girdled with flumes or crowned with busy mills,
Shall add their ore to Agriculture's store;
Pactolian streams, with wealth unknown before,
Shall wash the land in fabled yellow foam,
And grain and gold shall bring the harvest home.





The thickening murmurs fell upon the ear; Time strides apace, and year by year, Brings on the real presence of the things That now in halting rhyme the poet sings; Is the dim canvass, where we try to trace The coming glory and the growing grace Of this fair land, colored, in sooth, too fair? Its strengthening lines too promising, too rare? The child is born that, as a man, shall see This glorious realm, so bountiful and free, A heritage of wealth, where all that has been done Shall fade before that time like stars before the sun. We greet to-day the noble progress made, And hail with joy the sturdy thriving blade, Of which another generation, other years, Shall pluck the promised golden ears. The blighted olive, or the fig may fail, The perfumed petals of the rose grow pale, Repeated floods may drown the sliding soil, And ruin wait on unrewarded toil;

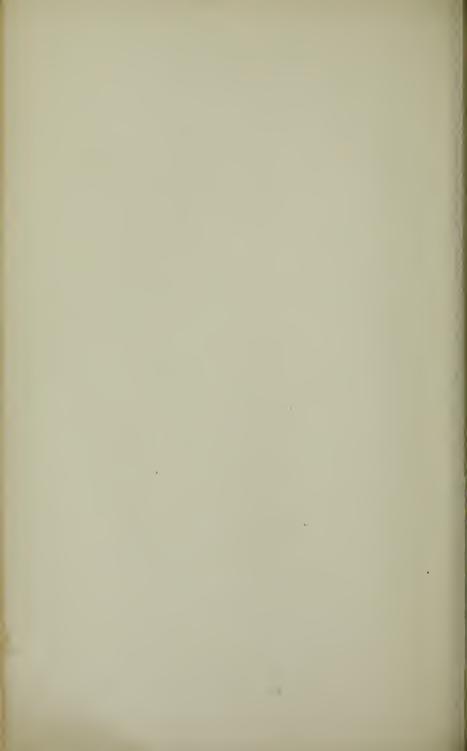


But Labor lives, his tireless hands
Renew the fields, reclaim the deluged lands,
So from successive falls, our State shall rise
To fixed prosperity and grasp the prize,
The golden prize, whose rising ray
Gilds all the scene our eyes behold to-day.

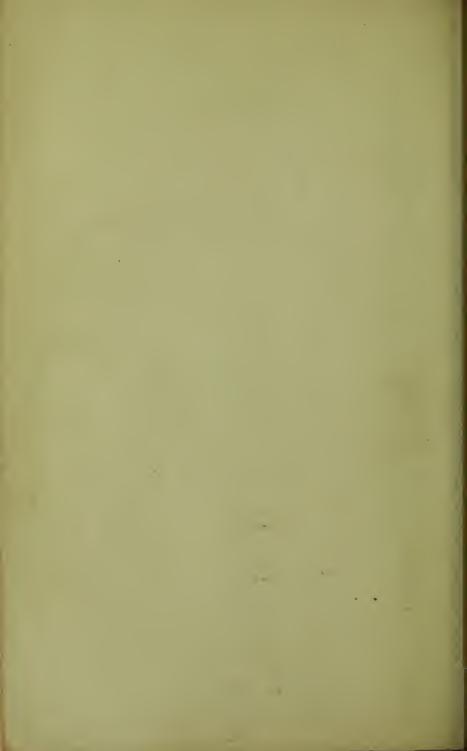














Parm:

BY INV. 1898.

CHARLES A. SUMNER. Merican Poetry-Collections.

DELIVERED AT SAN FRANCISCO, CALA., ON THE OCCASION OF

I. O. O. F.

Anniversary and Dedicatory Ceremonics,

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE R. W. GRAND LODGE.

SAN FRANCISCO:

CHARLES F. ROBBINS & CO., PRINTERS, Nos. 413 to 417 Clay Street. 1863.



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Poem:



BY

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Anniversary and Dedicatory Ceremonies,

MAY 6th, 1863.

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Why man through mourning must his joys enhance; His reason vaunting, yet commit to chance; Why Hope paints pictures for minds immature Which manly learnings change not, but obscure,— In fainter light leaves youth's ideals to men, To mock what now is, with what might have been; Why men despise the thing, revere the form; In sunshine cowards, heroes in the storm,— Self-torturing with a vague, fictitious harm While life's broad sea is mirrored in a calm, Rising with strength from morbid fancy's threat As serious dangers compass and beset; Why words by moral costumers are made Dark dominos in life's grand masquerade,— Not all concealing, yet a full disguise; Why single names form constant compromise 'Twixt good and evil, simple truth and lies: " Prudent," the misers' favorite maxim-cry, By which the world commends them when they die,— Whilst "Generous," "Noble," "Liberal" and "Just" Are terms the poor pass to the rich, on trust,-With "Enterprise," the letter-shield of lust, And "Charity," incarnate in a crust! Why sweet content deserts the Monarch's throne, And claims the peasant's cottage as her own; Why harmony of thought is frequent found Amid the discords of contentious sound;

Why ealms, proverbial, coming storms presage, And are but omens of a day of rage,-A present peace foreshadowing a curse Which Envies in the deeps of stillness nurse; Why Sciences pretentiously exact Place "new discoveries" on the roll of fact, Which soon their venerated being give That one, firm, steadfast Truth may live,-Since, brought in contact, they themselves conflict, And point in focus what they contradict; Why great inventions follow in the wake, And often seem the creatures of mistake: Why relished sin adopts the mode and time Sought or selected by compunctious erime; Why sin's last patent notehes the degree At which the average moral stand must be: Why failure in the marts of trade is less A synonym for ruin than success; Why he who seeks peremptory relief Upon the highway may be held a thief, Whilst he who plunders from the public vaults Is merely weak and amiable in faults; Why the sage public o'er a fancy frets While christian churches dance away their debts; Why creedless wits, who flatulently sneer At every dogma which the mass revere, Attain to fame upon the false pretense Of doing honor to man's common sense!-

These daily mysteries in the mighty plan
That shapes the growth and discipline of man;
These lighter, modern marvels, which, perehance,
Are sample offspring of strange circumstance;
These contrasts, inconsistencies and frands
Hypocrisy induces, covers or applauds,
Contribute in a ratio and concert
To fashion evil we may not avert;
Produce conditions in our social state
Philosophics explain not, nor abate;
Uncertain render temporal needs and gains,

Debauch our comfort and increase our pains; Confusion cast where purposes are just, And eripple eourage with a hard distrust; The private and the public prospects shroud With almost an impenetrable cloud,—
The veil which hides the future from our sight Prefix with gloom and deepen into night;— Add to the blindness nature's laws decree A sad misgiving that the worst will be.

A Faith divine may raise the mind serene Above the trials of this earthly scene: A heavenly Hope may bring the soul repose Amid the sternest of our mortal woes, And build a patience that will bravely bear The ills of time, the promptings of despair.

Yet learn we not from that same gracious Book Within whose pages saints devoutly look To find this glorious Faith and Hope revealed: The corner-stone of Promise has been sealed With this inscription,—With the race began The Universal Brotherhood of Man!

At once to aid the spirit in its strife For noblest elements in human life, And all the energies of soul incite To study and exemplify the RIGHT; With righteous thought a worthy practice suit, Confirm and nurture honest faith with fruit. Interpret into acts, enlarge the scope And purify the properties of hope, An actual beneficence educe By schools of principles explained through use, In systematic effort teach and prove The base and product of a catholic love, Remind the aged, educate the youth As to the beauty and the power of truth ;--With these grand objects, those who seek will find Odd-Fellowship in wisdom was designed.

With no less purpose did our fathers build
This sacred Order;—in whose terms fulfilled
Themselves and their true children have been blest;—
Their memory, immortal, stands confest
Well worthy of the reverence we pay
In every ceremonial act to-day.

Our honored Fathers! let no one presume
To think by words he can their names illume.
What of their fitting eulogy we claim
Has not been written in the Order's fame,
'Twould be unseemly to attempt to write,—
'Tis blazoned elsewhere, in the realms of light!
In chapters which no earthly eye can trace
Their work, unwritten here, has glorious place:
A work obedient to the Order's laws,
Or instigated in its noble cause;
A work of Friendship, so divinely odd,
Its record the prerogative of God!
A work which in the harvest honr of time
Shall be proclaimed in sweet, celestial rhyme!

We boast of Progress, and we vastly prize The culture of the arts that civilize. We pride ourselves that we were haply born Where science strides and literatures adorn.

Material Greatness is the public theme:
The popular motives are condensed in steam.
Each fresh advancement in mechanic skill
Inflames conceit and magnifies the will.
Once fairly harnessed, genius can prepare
New uses for the elements in air.—
Not as of old the marriage rites perform,
But with the tokens and the bolts of storm;
Wing Cupid's arrows with electric fires,
To Hymen's service consecrate the wires;
The bands the Grecians thought fair Venus wove,
Snatch from her fingers and commit to Jove;
Aud, for the tariff which the law allows,

POEM.

Transmit and register connubial vows; Audacious 'gainst the ancient saying's force: Whom Lightnings marry Thunders will divorce!

We boast of Wealth! The privilege to amass Enjoyed exclusive by no favored class. Riches increasing at enormous rate,
And swiftly swelling such an aggregate
That, within reason, it must surely seem
To far outstrip the miser's wildest dream.
We know, of late, the precious ores are found
In such profusion as affords no ground
For accurate reckoning of prospective yield;
But, from the recent opulence revealed,
E'en the imaginative broker lords
Fail singly guessing what their tunnel hoards,—
The sum, so fab'lous, to approximate
With giant digits—must incorporate!

We boast of multiplying paths of trade, On which with speed large revenues are made; Paths so direct, so very smooth and wide The poor to fortune regularly ride;— Since any knave may pelt his dupe with rocks, Then thrust his swollen feet in public stocks.

We boast the glory of our common schools;
With great 'improvements' made by modern rules.
Where the stout implements which were in vogue
As fit correctives for a truant rogue,—
To spur the slothful, break the stubborn will,
And measured lessons thoroughly instill,—
Have been converted in their uses here
T' instructive 'objects,' from dire things of fear!
— The lash or rod which once was thought, forsooth,
A natural stimulant for the sluggish youth,—
When well applied most potent to obtain
The greatest product from each pupil's brain,—
Is now employed by every teaching Miss,

As, in the new Mnemonic synthesis,
Hinting not only what its source must be,
But every purpose of the ox or tree.
Not to the physical emotions bring,
On sight, suggestions of a mortal sting,
But sage suggestions,—which may grow apace
All planetary 'objects' to embrace!

We boast a cheap, efficient, speedy mode Of granting justice through a civil code: Whose terms provide that suitors who may feel Aggrieved at first decisions can appeal To graud tribunals, where each concrete case Is aptly furnished with an abstract face; Where facts are 'features,' and the counsel's whims Concerning cognate issues are the 'limbs.' Where lawyers—like experienced miners—fight For claims which merely have the color, Right. Where skillful logic is employed to show The various errors of the court below: And history like a criminal arraigned To show the reason why they are-sustained. Or the emergencies of present hours Are plead to prove discretionary powers. But where by judgments we are not beguiled,— Unless they are through inadvertence filed.

Cheap is the mode! 'Twas Solomon's advice: My son, get wisdom at whatever price.

Efficient! Since it thoroughly conveys
Essential knowledge in eccentric ways,—

Aiding the mind by each peculiar turn
To hold the lesson it deserved to learn.

And speedy! When the value and amount
Of wisdom gained is taken in account.

We boast a penal code; which seems to shed Abundant mercy on the felon's head. His prison roofed by statutory laws With open sky-lights of ingenious flaws; His dungeon door barred gently, on a catch, Till 'justice' nimbly lifts the legal lache!

With conscious pity are our minds imbued
For those who lived when social laws were crude,
When needs were simple, when the arts were rude.

- 'Twere stupid Folly's part to deprecate
Outspoken pride at our advancing state

In all that makes convenience, comfort, ease,
Saves time and labor, or the senses please.

A healthy sentiment of pride is part
Of all appreciative sense of Art;
And great discoveries in themselves denote
To-day's advantage which they must promote,—
Compelling us with flattery to contrast
The present progress with the ignorant past.

Our education and a force inborn Tempt us to see primeval times with scorn, And with an ever ready reverence bow Before the genius of Imperial Now!

Thus do we fail to keep in prudent mind:
Favors and burdens are alike assigned;
Thus do we fail to practically own,
With social progress social cares have grown;
Ignore or—equally at fault—forget,
As our advantage so our civil debt;
As the complexities of life increase
So must man's labor for the public peace.

Our Fathers, with a present and a prescient view Which history clearly outlined and which reason drew, Felt and forecast necessities of deepening weight For some grand system that should serve to mitigate The individual penalties of common sin, And link our neighbors in the ties and bonds of kin.

— For in their skillful, moral plan they recognize

Anarchial dangers from mere, sordid enterprise.

— The holy impulse which their hearts and conscience fired Seems to have almost made their beauteous work inspired. And following history, thro' a lengthened lapse of time, Has crowned their efforts as successful and sublime!

Then brothers! let us votive offerings bring While manual outlines we attempt to sing;—Now, while we celebrate a natal morn, And larger Opportunities are born; Now, when our banner proudly is unfurled, And we avow our precepts to the world.

Come, Stranger! e'er ye seek a closer name, Lend audience to the doctrines we proclaim.

How do we learn our life? how read the page
As Time's hard finger quickly throws it o'er?
With what reflections do we grow in age,
And near the sands of th' inevitable shore?

Full soon we find that Heaven has well decreed

To every man his own peculiar fate:

With following hours contrasting thought and deed;

With years all barren, and with moments great.

Full soon we learn a law of equal birth,

To which, without incongruous act, we give
A holier homage in the scenes of earth:—

Unto himself no man can truly live.

A thousand times the precious truth we hear, Still from our practice it remains concealed; 'Till blessed sorrow makes our wants appear, And all adapted uses are revealed.

The general lessons gathered 'mid the din Of worldly conflict, triumph or defeat, Provoke the 'Delphic Oracle within' To call the mind to Fellowship's Retreat. Not to the hut of hermit or recluse,

Where misanthropic sentiments are nursed;

Not to retirements where the mean excuse

For selfish ease is Avarice's sated thirst:

But to the cloistered company of those
Whose purpose is to thoroughly equip
Good soldiers for the battles 'gainst life's woes,—
That test the champions of Odd-Fellowship.

Here man is separated from the world;
No longer burdened with fictitious cares;
No more within Dissension's eddies whirled;
No longer threatened by Ambition's suares.

Here Vice no more is potent to allure;

Here Hates and Envies can no more alarm;

Here every object, motive, work is pure,

And Virtue's signet is the regal charm!

Here Love and Friendship hold the sovereign sway,—
Their mild dominion gloriously assert:
Thy promise all their precepts to obey
Insures the benediction they concert.

Here Faith and Charity combine to bless
The weary mind with heavenly balm of Peace;
Assuage with sympathy the heart's distress,—
For sorest trouble give or point release.

Should any round this sacred altar bow
Who will not cherish what they here declare?
Who will not follow the initiate's vow
With earnest hopes in resolution's prayer?

Presumptuous Mortal! Wouldst thou dare approach
Where on the recreant falls a fearful ban!
Canst thou a talismanie secret keep?—
Then show the fortitude becomes a man!

Alas for man! In darkness and in chains, In moral blindness and by passions bound: A mournful spectacle where folly reigns, And wisdom's voice is an unheeded sound.

There is a time most fitting to confess—
When stern ordeal of trial is at hand—
The grievons errors which the mind oppress,
And give to conscience sceptres of command.

O! sad remembrances of wrong, Awake! Now is the hour, repenting, to reveal The sins which by their recollection break From retrospect the dark, funereal seal.

If ever thou hast mean advantage gained;
O'er reached thy fellow with a plann'd deceit,—
His honor blasted while in friendship feigned,
His fortune ruined by a studied cheat;

If thou hast robbed the widow's house, and made Long prayers in public an availing cloak Against that knowledge thou wer't well afraid Would just and quick retributive provoke;

If thou hast caused the orphan's tears to flow,
Hath sought his golden portion to purloin;
And then, a savoring charity to show,
Heaped shallow sancers with the smallest coin!

O! Auswer truly,—at thy soul's expense!
Confess, if guilty, and at once retire:
For else than innocent of grave offence
Thou mayst not bide the dreadful track of fire!

Life's painful end life's duties best can teach.

Emblems of mortal struggling and of death

The heart not lost to human hope must reach,

And touch the conscience with compunctions breath.

He who is fit and able to endure

The early discipline of bonds and night,
Deserves for recompensing to procure

The fullest liberty and clearest light.

In this true Light may Brothers ever walk;
This Liberty without abuse enjoy.
May no false signals tempt them but to mock,
No sensual charms solicit and destroy.

Hail! master workmen, who to-day unite
In services of dedicating power.
In ample form conduct the solemn rite,
And consecrate the building and the hour.

May the grand invocations which ye raise
The gracious favor of our God obtain;
And may your choral symphonies of praise
Ascend to Heaven in an accepted strain.

From out the bustle of the crowded street,
From out the tumult of the business mart
May yonder house be our beloved retreat,—
The home we cherish with the mind and heart.

Within its walls may harmony abound;
May Honor's court be firm established there;
May royal truth be there enthroned and crowned,
And glorious visions for her sons prepare!

O! may our brethren be exceeding glad
Before the shrine erected there to wait;—
In regal vestitures of scarlet clad,
Rejoice to stand within our temple's gate!

Brother, Grand Herald of the North! Proclaim A consecration in pure FRIENDSHIP's name; And, sprinkling water, dedicate this place To constant practice in that heavenly grace.

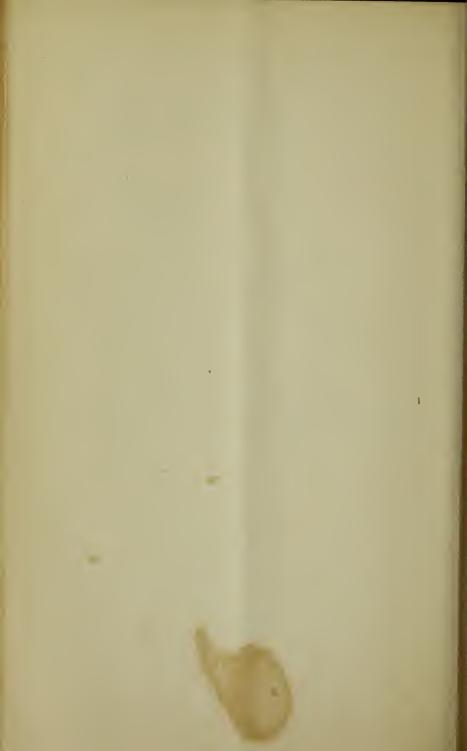
Brother, Grand Herald of the South! Approve This work,—a Temple of enduring Love;—
And typify our kindled hearts' desires
With brilliant lightings of the altar fires.

Brother, Grand Herald of the East! Declare: Here TRUTH's good seed shall fall, and spring and bear An hundredfold,—to widely save and bless, And wreathe with honor in a right success.

Brother, Grand Herald of the West! Foretell:
Faith, Hope and Charity alike shall dwell
Within these consecrated scenes of ours;
And fill the common air
With fragrant incense, as the scattered flowers
Breathe perfumes everywhere.

And Brothers all! Unite in earnest prayer
That this grand work may have a heavenly care:
That with the Father's blessing this good Order may increase,—
"Whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all whose paths
are Peace."









BRODERICK'S GRAVE,

BY 0967

MARTIN WILLIAM JOSEPH CULKIN.

American Poetry-Collections
Great Cæsar heeded the approaching tions
"The Ides of March," no Rubicon of danger;
Nor passed the Senate House, with rapid strides,
As if he were to perfide no strugger;

As if he were to perfidy no stranger; And thus avoided the prophetic fate Artemidorus¹ hath perceived too late: But boldly halted at its threshold's gate,

And went majestically in!

11.

Intrepid Cæsar! noblest of them all,
Thy spirit dauntless, and thy proud ambition
No enckold's portion; didst thou but enthrall
Thy mind, for once, to that dire superstition
Which was predicting, as if 'twere impressed,
What Brutus, Casea, Cassius and the rest
Prepared for thee, no dagger pierced thy breast;
And Brutus was no suicide!

Ш.

And it was thus, great Broderick, that you fell!
"Too brave, too bold,"—too noble for suspicion.
Thy coming destiny's foreboding knell
No mystic monitor to thy position.
Suspecting never an Iago vile,
Robed as the Cassius of deep bitter smile,
And in thy presence lurking all the while,
To eatch thy very by-words.

I Artemidorus in order to prevent the conspiracy against Julius Carsar taking the bloody termination it eventually did, presented the latter on his fatal entrance to the Senate Ilouse" with a "so-called petition," detailing briefly the facts of the conspiracy. Cassius hurried Casar away from the crowd, and conducting him to the Senate Chamber, thus frustrated the too ate effort of Artemidorus to save Casar's life.

Here, from this mount, shall our glances terrifie, As we look down on the bay underneath, Watch each assassin who floats the Pacific, Fearlessly facing the "Lone Mountain" heath.8

Here shall we guard thee till Michael from Eden, Summon thy relics to clasp in adieu,9 Out from the soil where they shall have been laid in, Broderiek! the spirit once given to you!

EPILOGUE.

The breezes, murmuring no longer, stay, Each waits the vigil of its theme returning. Calm the clear waters of the lowland bay, Indignant feelings, for each spirit burning, Watch the next dictate of their king's command, To breathe the magic of each traitor's brand, In such sad murmurs by the mountain sand,

Where Broderick's relics have been laid.

"Peace," said the Pastor, who entombed thee here,
—"Peace—to thy ashes," and the boon was granted. Peace then the echo of thy bloody bier, Ne'er shall the flat be for once supplanted. Home's10 proudest eloquence our latest gift; Soon we the monument of sorrow lift, That in its tendency it tell the drift,

Of feeling tow'rd thee from the People.

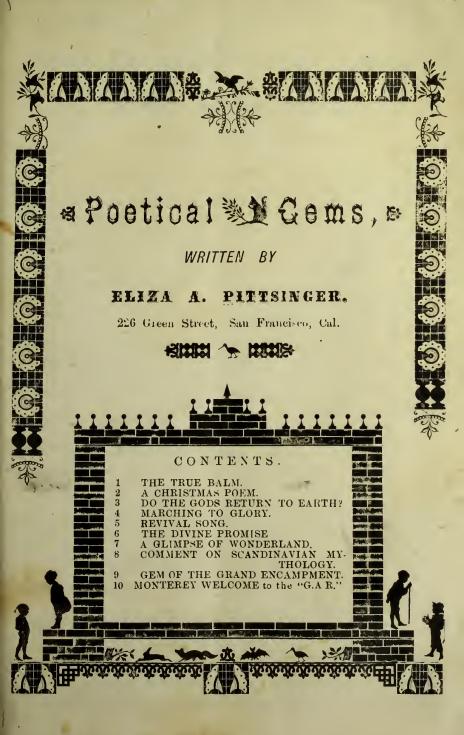
FRANKLIN HOUSE, SAN PRINCISCO, April 6th, 2000.

⁷ The Lone Monntain Cemelery looks down on San Francisco Bay. From Broderick's grave on the "Lone Mount," a fine view of our new city with its bay can be obtained.

8 The health with its fragrant shrubbery intermixed with wild flowers, grows very thick and profuse along the mount in every direction. The picturesque sectionry at a distance almost attracts one imperceptibly.

9 It must be unnecessary to remind the reader—if he has perused the sacred Scriptures,—that the just shall obtain new bodies in the promised land, when this world shall have been destroyed, after the general judgment.

10 Colonel Baker here receives as the gem of cloquence in California, a title which, though indisputable, might be envied.





The Frue Balm.

A. PITTSINGER. ELIZA

PART I.

I have been on a mountain celestial, Whose summit is golden and fair, Where the sweetest balm for the spirit I found was devotion and prayer.

I prayed for the true and the faithful, For the friends who are walking with me:

And I asked the Good Lord in His mercy

His children to strengthen and free.

I prayed for an absent and dear one, For one I had known long ago,

Whose love was like manna from heaven.

And whose soul was as white as the

For another unfolding in beauty, Of late I so often have met, Whose daily life of devotion To a heavenly key is set.

I prayed for the meek and the patient, Whose pathways were close unto mine; And the answer it came as a promise, To my spirit a blessing and sign.

O, I thought, as I traversed this mountain,

And gazed on the valley below, Of the life-giving, heavenly fountain, Whose waters eternally flow.

And I thought of the Bountiful Father, Of the true-hearted, faithful and few, Its seed-time and havest to man-

Who had prayed with me in the valley Where the storms of adversity blew-

And I wondered why trials and crosses The pathway of love should engirth; Why a spirit divine in its mission Should be bound with the fetters of

Just then I was wrapt in a visiou, And I felt the soft touch of a hand. And knew that some Heavenly Pre-

Beside me in glory did stand.

I was lost in sweet worship and wonder.

Was wrapt and o'erpowed with awe-And no language of mine can be equal To portray or describe what I saw.

PART

'Tis enough that I lingered and listened.

That I treasured each portion and part Of that lesson so lovingly given, And forever engraved on m; hear.

'Tis enough that I saw in that vision, So wondrously lucid and grand, That whatever the duty or mission, We are led by His Fatherly hand But the human is weak and short-

sighted,

Cannot measure nor fathom the plan, That brings, in its fulness and glory. O, I learned in that glorious vision.
The grand ministrations of pain,
As I followed the Prince of the Martyrs.
To the mount where H is body was slain!

My soul was absorbed in devotion,
Was held in a blessed embrace,
While the tears of love and emotion
Were like showers and floods on my
face.

And I read in that wonderful meekness,

In that god-like forbearance and grace. That shone like a halo around him, The sign of his birthright and place.

And I know as I ponder the lesson In its fulness and heavenly plan, That he was the Son of the Father, The Merciful Saviour of man.

Whatever the human may suffer,
Whatever the mortal may bear,
Whether climbing the mountain of
sorrow,

Or treading the vale of despair,

'Tis on Calvary's deathless summit Where the stone of the temple was lain

To the greatest of earthly sorrows, And the greatest of human pain.

Fis the stone of the grand superstructure,

And shall ever remain the one Unapproachable, fast and unchanging. As the beams of the noon day Sun. Unto Him by our woes we are likened. Unto Him by affliction are brought, And we know what these trials and crosses.

In our souls so Givinely have wrought.

O, my sisters so loving and faithful,
And my brothers so patient and wise.
Hand-in-hand we are treading the
wine-press,

itand-in-hand by His love we arise!

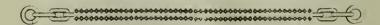
Though the pathway is thorny and dreary,

And the day oft enshrouled in gloom, We know of a time that is coming Enriched with abundance and bloom. We will ever hold fast to the promise,

For the glorious harvest is near,
When the "Angel will thrust in his sickle,"

And the heavenly bridegroom appear.
The oil in our lamps shall be ready
For that glory and fulness of birth,
When the crowns shall be kept for the
faithful,

And the meek shall inherit the Earth.





A Christmas Poem.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

PART J.

O, good Santa Claus, thou dispenser of treasures, There is misery over the way;

In thy favors and gifts, thy donations and pleasures,
Forget not the needy, I pray!

Here's a little girl hungry, with a sister and brother, A little boy there with bare, cold feet,

One a wee tender bud without father or mother,
The other a waif in the street!

So good Father Santa Claus, pray thee remember Who needeth thy silver and gold;

For dost thou not know that the month is December, And my little friends shiver with cold?

O, dost thou not know? then patiently listen,
And behold in the path that was trod

By the meek Gallileau, the mercy and mission That led to the Mansions of God!

PART II.

"Ye have always the poor!" mid the bumble and lowly And the weary he planted the seed,

From whose soil it sprang up; and surely but slowly

The ages acknowledge his creed—

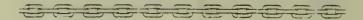
His lessons were borne to the damps of the valley Its germs to renew and restore,

And he hastened, O, never, past by-way nor alley,
As he sorrowed and supped with the poor!

With his palms on their pains, how sublime was the blessing That none but his own could imbue

With that health-giving essence and virtue impressing, in a life all regenerate and new!





Mid the dark scenes of bitterness, envy, contention,
Most divinely, O then, did he prove
How weak were the whirlwinds and storms of dissension,
Bending low 'neath the might of his love!

O, Martyr Sublime! Saint, Preserver, Evangel! Thou loveliest model of earth!

How shone the fair face of that wisdom-crowned Angel Who chanted the song of Thy birth?

Meek son of the Carpenter, jeered and molested, 'Mid the shades of the lone Gallilee,

As by the fair vision of prophets protested, Was a light that their eyes could not see!

A light even now, yet how few may behold it!

In a flood of sweet beauty its rays

To the faithful, the loving and heavenly molded

Are blended with glory and praise—

In the desert of life 'tis a shining oasis,

In the shade of the valley a bloom,

A silver-toned prophecy chanting the graces

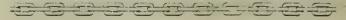
Of love through the mirage and gloom.

PART III.

Thou meek : on of Gablee, poor and neglected,
In thy teaching alone there is light;
With thy mercy and charity sweetly perfected,
O. glorious, bount, ful sight!
Fair star of the East, how sublime was thy beaming
That glunced o'er the lone Bethlehem,
As on the dark brow of the world then was gleaming
Heaven's own diaden!

O Star of the East, blessed light of the morning,
In anthems of glory and praise
We would hail thy sweet beams that presage the dawning
Of God's own millenial days!
Love beameth on life with her eyes soft and tender,
And the charm of their light is impearled

In mystic auroras of heavenly splendor,
As she breathes on a larguishing world!



Do the Gods Return to Warth?

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

God standeth in the congregation of the mighty; he judgeth among the Gods. Psalm LXXXII. 1 and 6.

Jesus answered them, Is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are Gods? John X. 31.

PART I.

Do the Gods Return to earth?
By the law of death and birth
In the subtle human frame
Do they keep alive the flame?
Do they wield their heavenly might?
Do they live on in the light
Of a higher scope and creed
Than the carnal senses need?

I would not deny the plan,
The immortal, righteous plan,
As I view it — I would keep
In the onward path and sweep,
On the parallel and line
Leading in a way divine.

On the parallel and line,
Leading to the pure and fine
Subtle elements that warm.
And keep alive the human form
Strage it is so few can see
Germs of true divinity
In some high-born natures — strange,
In this law of birth and change,
Still so few can yet behold
What is dross and what is gold.

PART II.

I have vowed my love to one, A fair wanderer from the Sun

She doth seem, as in the way The celestial forces play O'er her spirit, while her eyes Seem bent on some far paradise.

She is waiting far away
For a glorious meeting day;
She is there, and I am here,
But to me she seems so near
I can almost clasp her hand
As I view her in the grand
Aureolas that inspire
All her thoughts with heavenly fire.

O, the splendor and the glow, O, the golden ebb and flow Round her spirit, making bright With a holy inward light! Making sweet and making clear Glories of some heavenly sphere! Like a radiant queen she stands, With her footprints on the sands, That seem gilded with the ray Of the great Redemy ion Day!

She is speaking now to me,
And her voice comes o'er the sea
In a tone that none but I
To its music can reply—
She is speaking, and I hear
Foot-falls from another sphere.
She's my world, with her is home,
She's the goal where'er I roam,

\$6 \$600000000 absocooo oc

Revival Song.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

[Tune: Hold the Fort.]

Lo ye faithful, day is breaking
O'er the mountain height,
God's great armies now are marching
In its golden light.

Chorus —. Hold the fort, and sound the fidings, Ring the signal bell. We will rouse a sleeping nation With their mighty swell

Sound the tidings, wave your banners,
Lift them to the sky,
In a peal of loud hozannas
Raise the heavenly cry —. Cho.

Heirs and children of salvation,

Let your light be spread,

Pain and sin and desolation

Vanish where ye tread — Cho.

Hark, I hear the Angels singing,
 Listen to their call;
 Holy messengers are bringing
 Love and peace to all —. Cho.

Jesus in His might is leading
Millions through the gloom,
And the golden day is speeding
Crowned with light and bloom -- Cho.



The Divine Promise.

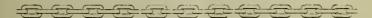
BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

For my yoke is easy and my burden is light. Matthew XI. 28th and

30th.

Ye weary, heavy laden, come ye trustingly to me, I will bear your many burdens, will love you, make you free; O, take my yoke upon you -it is easy, it is light; All ye doubting, blind and sorrowful, be joyous and bright, As I promished, will I ever be your staff and your sight! Ye weary, heavy laden, lean forever on my breast, I will give ye sweetest comfort, sooth ye lovingly to rest, I will bind your bleeding wounds, I will pour the heavenly oil, Ye pilgrims, who are travelling through sorrow and through toil; Hasten quickly to my feast, for my banquet cloth is spread, My Beloved, my Disciples, O, my Hungry, now be fed! At my table sit with me, break my bread and taste my wine, As I said, ye are the branches, so I ever am the vine; O, ye poor, heavy laden, disconsolate and sore, Ye rejected and despised, I am knocking at your door! I am watching, I am waiting, I am knocking; let me in! Your houses will I parify, and cleanse them all from sin-Is it Sabbath? come with me, we will pluck the golden corn, And will keep the heavenly seed for the ages vet unborn; We will make it into bread, we will moisten with our tears, It shall be a panacea for all human woes and fears.



aroused—they are only sleeping—let every Scandinavian awake and learn the true facts of their present condition, and that race, whose Ancestral line runs way back to Odin, will yet stand up and show to the



Do I work in mighty miracles, and tread the shining wave? Still greater things than these ye shall do, my true and brave! As your faith in these my teaching, in my parables abide, So your lives are pure and hallowed, and your works are glorified! As my lessons ye may cherish, as my teachings ye may heed. So the blind ye may restore, and the stumbling ye may lead! Meek and humble, kind, forgiving, with my sympathies complete, Loose your sandals, my beloved, let them fall from of your feet; And sweet Mary, blessed Mary, with thy incense and thy oil, We will wash them, we will lave them, they have come up through the soil,

Turough the soil of many sorrows, through a valley steeped in woe,

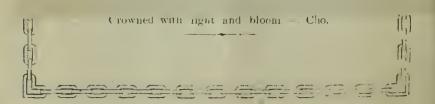
Through the fires of many battles, we will make them white as snow!

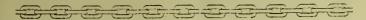
No coat, my weary brother? come ye quickly, who hath two, By the universal edict, one for him and one for you— Here is one athirst and hungered, bring the morsel, bring the wine,

For in giving ye are growing in the Human made Divine! In bestowing ye are blest, as it blesseth him to know Of that fountain in its fulness from whose waters ye bestow!

O, my brothers and my sisters, in your city streets alone
Do I wander, and your sorrows am I making all my own;
From the hut into the mansion do I journy to and fro,
And full many a cherished secret that ye treasure do I know;
There is much that fades and sickens, there is much that lieth hid
'Neath a silken, downy cover, 'neath a shining, polished lid;
I can see it, I can bring it to the surface and the light,
As it fain would shrink away from my knowledge and my sight;



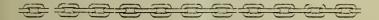




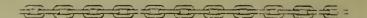
From the palace to the manger where my infant life was born, There is much that I must cherish, ah much that ye may scorn; Living, loving, trusting Angels, let me take them by the hand, O, my brothers and my sisters, ye cannot understand, Yet these mysteries are clear, and by heavenly wisdom planned! Magdalena, I would help thee! throw thy burdens upon me; Thy sins are all forgiven, be regenerate and free! And sweet Mary, Blessed Mary, with thy silken, flowing hair, Dry the burning sighs of sorrow, quench the tears of despair! Ye sorrowful and tearful, with bruised feet and sore, And with locks all wet with dew, I am knocking at your door! O, will ye let me in? say, will ye sup with me On the bread my father gives me? it is wonderful to see; Oft a crust, a cup of water, brother, will it do for thee? Yet I've tasted, O, I've tasted of a bread ye cannot give, That ye cannot take away, and by tasting it I live! 'Tis the bread of Life Eternal, 'tis a draught of heavenly wine! My Beloved Father gave it in a cup of Love Divine! As I drank it all transfigured did my raptured soul arise, Soared to everlasting Glory 'mid the realms of Paradise!

As I promised, do I bear this eternal life of mine,
Will ye taste it, O, beloved? be immortal and divine?
In my father's house are many mansions wondrous to behold,
The walls are lined with jasper, and the streets are paved
with gold,

The gates are all of emerald, amethyst and pearl,
As in haloes bright and dazzling their varied hues unfurl;
They are glorious, they are fair, they are gorgeous as the sun,
And I keep them for the Ransomed when their pilgrimage is done!



aroused—they are only sleeping—let every Scandinavian awake and learn the true facts of their present condition, and that race, whose Ancestral line runs way back to Odin, will yet stand up and show to the



Wouldst thou have one, O, beloved? tread the lowly place with me,

With thy brother share thy treasures to the uttermost degree! Hast thou widows, hast thou orphans still famishing for bread? From the measure of thy bounty let their tables all be spread! From the larder bear the morsel, from the cellar bear the wine, As the gift so shall the blessing in its loveliness be thine! Hast thou known of heavenly sacrifice, of charities divine, Hast made the orphan's woos and the widow's sorrows thine, Hast thou felt the serpent's sting, hast thou felt the treacherous blow.

Hurled in secret from the envy and the malice of thy foe?

Hast thou patience and forbearance, wilt thou suffer and be strong,

Overcoming, still abiding, and forgiving every wrong? Then indeed thou art mine own! As to thee I am the spring Of everlasting waters—thou shalt touch the hidden string Of a lyre that is waiting, of a harp forever thine, Whose strains are all immortal, and whose music is divine!





A CLIMPSE OF WONDEBLAND.

SUGGESTED BY READING NORSE MYTHOLOGY BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

I am dreaming in the twilight of the good old happy time, When the earth was full of heroes and valkyries I in their prime, When Odin's, in the glory of the great Ancestral line, Stood a mighty Chief of valor and wisdom most divine.

In a vision of enchantmen, all too glorious to last, My thoughts are swiftly speeding to the grand poetic past, When the powers of earth and hoaven, in a current bold and strong. Moved that warring race of glants and majestic gods along.

Most wonderfull it is to behold them in their prime, The beroes, norms 3 and valus 4, and the goddesses sublime; With Odin at their head, and his son, the mighty Thor 6, Striking terror with his hammer in the hery field of war.

O, that famous chief of battle, in his thunder chariot whirled, Striking fury to the giants was a wonder to the world When the fables still were young, and the mythic stories told, And reheated in all their beauty by that hardy race of old!

That race so rich in freedom's lore, that race of warriors true, Who quenched their thirst at nature's fount in draughts forever new. Who trusted in the teachings of her mailed powers to guide, O'er the cliffs and yawning caverns, and above the boisterous tide!

In Odin they beheld their leader, and in Thor their hero bold, In Balder 7 the true divinity shining like purest gold. In Frigg, the mate of their honored sire, the fair and loving queen. Who tempered with her winning grace each dread and stormy scene

In Nanna the mate of Balder, the faithful, pure and good, Who charms us with a model rare of glorious womanhood;

1 Handmaidens of Odin. 2 Chief of the Gods. 3 Fates.

4 Prophetesses. 6 God of thunder, 7 God of the sunlight.

aroused — they are only sleeping — let every Scandinavian awake and learn the true facts of their present condition, and that race, whose Ancestral line runs way back to Odin, will yet stand up and show to the

It was saved in all its beauty, an oasis 'mid the strife, And halfowed with the presence of regenerating life. In the colors of the rainbow let a banner be unfurled, And the songs of sweet redemption sung and chanted through the world! To that forest of enchantment sped a woman and her mate, Who should rule the earth with love in its newly-risen state! They were strangely kept and nourished, on the dew of morning fed, By the heavenly powers attended, by the hand of God were led; Like a brand from burning embers in the desolation caught, And to this resplendent mission were sauclified and brought. Honored man and cherished woman, blest beyond all earthly meed, Parents of a mighty offspring, sowers of a deathless seed! They were types of the great future, who were hidden from the shock. Caught up by a mighty Angel from the flames of Ragnarok. Thus in visions quaint and varied I behold the closing scene, With its desolating terrors, and the new earth fresh and green, Rising in its dawn of eplendor, gleaming in the roseate dyes Of a glorious Valhalla, a perennial Paradise. I have tasted but a draught from the golden fount of yore, Thus have quenched my burning thirst, caught a glimpse of mythic lore, While from out the inner court of the temple quaint and fair, Comes a strain of sweetest music that my lancy fain would share. I can hear it in the distance; like some half-forgotten dream Down the bloom-embowered pathway of my memory comes the gleam O a something not yet vanished, in its glory holding fast To the journey of the spirit through the long and mlsty past. O the glorious songs of Norseland! In the Summer days of vore It : eems that I have read them, and have turned their pages o'er,

A I garmer up the symbols and the mystic germs that lead To the alpha and emega of a long accepted creed! On the pinions of their beauty they are wafted to my ear, And I catch the inspiration from the thrilling tales I hear. I inscribe it to the Norsemen of this latter age and day,

As I'd give a purple blossom from the blooming fields of May. All fiction has another side, that other side is truth, Which was dimly understood when the world was in its vonth: When Odin, Thor and Balder, with their symbols most sublime

Of valor, strenght and wisdom, crowned the happy Morn of Time.



THE object in publishing this poetry on Scandinavian Mythology is, to revive that spirit which makes itself manifest through all early doings and writings of our fore-fathers, and recall the Scandinavians from the position they at present occupy, up to the duty, mission and privilege that belongs to them. It is to be deplored that so slight a knowledge of Scandinavian Mythology and History prevails among our own people, and also among other nations, who boast descent from Hengist and Horsa. The object of Mythology is to find God and come to him, and the myth is the oldest form of truth, says Professor Anderson; he also claims that the Scandinavian Mythology is purer and more divine than any other mythological system on record.

The very foundation of our Mythology was laid in principles of Temperance, Freedom and Chastity, Blavery and Justice were its keystones; Where are the Scandinavians to-day in regard to that? Our Ancestors, instead of going into subjugation under Caesar, rushed like an avalanche from their snow-capped fastnesses, -fell upon Rome-destroyed its power, and taught unto men the doctrines of Freedom and Liberty; They formed new states with Liberty as the base of their laws, and Justice their crowning glory. What are their descendants doing to-day? where is the fruit of the seed our forefathers sowed? where is the spirit of Conquest and Liberty by which Scandinavia to-day would hold the scepter of all northern Europe, and be promoting civilization to which she in ancien days laid the toundation? The religion of our forefathers inspired and strenghtened them, and we find them carrying out its teachings and prophecies undaunted by danger or fear of death. The Atlantic proved no bar to their progress, and the first European who trod American soil was a Norseman. They went over Alps and Pyrenees, and were a terror to all the provinces of the south. Italy quailed before them; Greece trembled when they advanced, and they did not stop before they reached the gates of Jerusalem; even the coasts of Africa were not unknown to them, and their footsteps echoed through the streets of Constantinople. At last their very name became a threat, and from every church went up the prayer, "From the tury of the Northmen, good Lord, deliver us." Is that spirit entirely gone? What is the reason that we find the Scandinavians now quailing before other nations, and even before the corrupt and abominable Church of Rome, which their fathers so boldly faced? Let the powers of the Northern Gods be aroused - they are only sleeping - let every Scandinavian awake and learn the true facts of their present condition, and that race, whose Ancestral line runs way back to Odin, will yet stand up and show to the

world that they are folfilling the purpose for which they were sent on this earth.

We, as Scandinavians, should be like our forefathers, foremost in religion, temperance and liberty, as well as science, government and all good principles. The day will come, if the Scandinavians will not avail themselves of the opportunity, that they will be subjugated to other powers, and the nations will laugh and say: See those Norsemen, who was once the rulers of the sea, they have lost the spirit of liberty, and we have conquered them because of their weakness. Arise therefore, ye sens and daughters or Odin! Seek the God whom your forefathers called the unnameable, exercise the power you have inherited from the tribe of Norsemen Warriors, enjoy the rights which was granted you by your ancestors, and remember that all Scandinavians are descendants of Odin, that we are one family, and that in union lies our strength.

Among the earliest inhabitants of Scandinavia we find the Cimbri as and Teutons, they are supposed to have resided in D amark which place they left more than a century before Chart, when they went south to fight the Romans. The Teutons were slain at Aix, and the Cimbrians on the plains of Vercelli, only a few of the Cimbrians escaped and they took refuge in the mountains, where they remain a destinct race; They were visited by Frederic the IV of Denmark in 1708.

Most of the laws which prevailed in Scandinavia were transplanted to other countries. They followed the Saxons and Danes into England. The charing of mayors and members of Parliament is derived from an ancient practice in Sweden. The Normans carried their native usages into France and saw them incorporated by Rollo. Spain, Italy and Sicily retained vestiges of the judicial institutions introduced by the Scandinavians, and the famous Saxon and Frisian laws in Germany (one of the oldest existing literary monuments of the Teutonic nations) has been ascribed to Harald Blaatand.

As we have to close for want of space, a more extensive explanation will probably be given in the future.

A descendant of Odin.

GEM OF THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT. CALIFORNIA'S WELCOME

-То Тне-

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

By ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

(AIR .- "MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA")

Awake, ye loyal people, for the land is all aglow, Our mighty armies now are here, they're speeding to and fro; The Golden Gate is rocking, how the waters ebb and flow,

While we are marching to glory!

Chorus.—March or, march on! We're bringing the jubilee!

March on, march on! Our hearts and bands are free!

We'll make the mountains tremble and we'll shake the golden sea,

While we are marching to glory!

Welcome, O ye Comrades, to our bright and sunny shore— For you there is a plenty, and for many a thousand more; To the soldiers of our Nation we will open wide the door,

While we are marching to glory!

Cho.-March on, march on! &c.

They bore our Lurdens bravely, and they made the sacrifice; O, crown them with your laurel, let your sweetest songs arise— For they who fought our battles now shall win the golden prize,

While we are marching to glory!

Cho.-March on, march on! &c.

Welcome, O ye Comrades, from the mountain and the plain, From Mississippi valley to the rocky shores of Maine— By you the deathless corner-stone of Liberty is lain,

While we are marching to glory!

Cho.-March on, march on! &c.

Welcome, men of Cumberland, ye men of Tennessee! With Sherman's valiant soldiers, and the men of Grant we see; Their Cuptain has been mustered out, he takes a new degree,

While we are marching to glory!

Cho.-March on, march on! &c.

Wave your banners, blow the bugle, beat the mighty drum, For gallant Logan, brave Burdett and Van Der Voort have come, And loyal woman crowns the scene, her lips shall not be dumb,

White we are marching to glory!

Cho.-March on, march on! &c.

The Armies of our Nation, they are mighty, they are grand,— From Maine away to New Orleans, and to the western strand; My wondering eyes behold them as they tread the Golden Land,

While we are marching to glory!

Cho-March on, march on! &c.

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Monterey Welcome Song

TO THE

"G. A. R."

By ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

This Song, and the one on the other page, were sing by Franklin Rhoda, and received with great enthusiasm, at Del Monte Hotel, on the occasion of the Grand Excursion of the "G. A. R." to Monterey August 6th 1886.

(AIR .- "BEULAH LAND.")

We've reached the soil of Monterey, We've come to spend our banquet day, And as the hours now take their flight We'll wave our banners in the light!

Chorus.—O, Monterey, dear Monterey,
It is thy golden harvest day;
Our loyal armies now are here,
O, give them all a welcome cheer,
As on thy bright and sunny shore
We'll sing their praises o'er and o'er!

With sound of bugle beat of drum, Our gallant soldiers now have come— Their feet have crossed the golden strand, And lo, they bring us fairy-land!

Cho.-O, Monterey, etc.

O, Freemen, wave your banners grand In all their splendor through the land, And down the valleys, as we sing, Let mighty hallelujahs ring!

Cho.-O, Monterey, etc.

O, Monterey, in future time
Thy name shall ring in golden rhyme;
In Forty-six thy banners bright
Unfurled their glories to the light!

Cho.-O, Monterey, etc.

Visit to a Studio.

These thoughts were suggested by examining the work in the studio of Miss Eliza Searle, 923 Geary St. San Francisco.

I was charmed with my visit one day, to a friend whom long I have known;

Surrounded with objects from nature, and beauty, the work all her own.

Sweet lilacs, like those which I pressed, and in childhood sweet
garlands I made,

When with playfellows merry and glad, we sat in the cool evening shade. They carried me back to the time, when a stranger to toil and to care, I roamed through the forests so grand, and hunted the squirrel and hare. Next some velvety pansies I saw; a rivulet down in the dell; Some sweet juicy grapes, and roses, whose perfume we all fove so well. A Suoset, aft glorious and grand; a fake with the moon shining bright; Ferns and mosses from woods and from vales, and a landscape to represent "Night".

Many more lovely paintings were there, which I could not linger to see, For I knew the time must have come when my friends were waiting for me.

One Masterpiece there I perceived, the Prince of Peace and of Love, Our blessed Redeemer and Lord, in whom we both live and move. Cruel thoms enc ried his brow, his eyes were beaming with love; His lips seemed to move in prayer, in prayer to his Father above. As I left, impress d with the excens, a thought flashed over my mind, How grand is this science by which natures beauties can thus be defined!

Though life and perfume are not there, although the resemblance be faint, They remind us of objects so fair, that we cherish the canvas and paint. Oh! if earthly scenes are so fair, what rapture will fill us above, When we gaze on immertal beauty, and know the depths of God's love!

ACROSTIC ON THE NEW AGE. By Miss E. Searle.

The march of intelligence, progress and skill, Hastes with lightning speed to the top of the hill. E volution sweeps on majestic and bold, Night gives place unto day, the New to the Old. Each hour brings some token which bids us prepare With angels eternity's glories to share. A new Era has dawned, a New Life has begun, Grand and glorious the prize which is now to be won. Exclsior! with spirit the race let us run.

A Plea for the Oppressed. BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

DEPLORABLE CONDITION.

Ful of tof late with sorrowing heart I wend me through the pitiless mart, Where, in the shadow and the ban Of life I view the godless plan That mars and brutalizes man, Behold the life that looks to me, And pleads that I may make it free! Behold the leathered tribes that dwell Within the narrow crate and cell: The poor and powerless bens and geese, Cramped, crowded, pressed, with no release Save that in which their lives are lost In the great bloody holocaust! Poor victims, void of crime or sin! Caught unawares, and shot withto These pent-up prisons, with no one To sound the deed their foes have done, Or tell the tale of grief and woe. That only their poor lives may know! They look to me for judge and law! O, I would lift my voice and draw Unto my cause so much of light-So much of mercy and of right, That none hencelorth in vain should plead Where barbarism takes the lead, And life is sacrificed to greed! I cannot see them but I start. Pierced with an agonizing dart; I cannot pass them but my feet ('ry to my will a quick retrest; And all my nature yearns to be

APPEAL TO HUMANITY.

At once a power to set them free.

O, thoughtless and carnivorous man, Eschew, I pray, this brutal plan!
No longer the oppressor prove
To that which looks to thee for love
Desist at ouce the murderous deed
Of this tyrannic, beautless creed,
And hence a kind protector be
To every grade and each degree,
And let the blood-stain and the braud

Forever vanish from thy hand!
How canst thou stand beneath the san.
With all this savage slaughter done?
And thus the murderous weapons wield
Against the creatures of thy field?
Even the lamb upon the plain,
For thy gross appetite is slain,
And with his sportive, gentle life
Swells this great holocanst of strile!

LAMENTATION.

O shameful scene, unrighteous place. That bears the buter cup and ban Unto the morbid lips of man! O, heavenly law, that brings a charm, That pours the ever heating balm in a golden bounteous overflow, Upon a world of sin and woe!

VEGETARIAN RESTORATION.

Thank God, the time has come to me I crave no flesh from fand or sea! Suffice it that the gardens bear, A full supply and bounteous share! The fruit that clusters on the wine And ripeus on the tree is mine, I fain would pluck 1', bear it down, To every hamlet, every town, Until this poor sick world should be, From pain and pestilence made tree. I fain would teach a lesson fair, Wherein no flesh should find a share. But on the fruit and cereals bright That grow and ripen in the light The world should feast, and ouward lead The ages to a higher creed.

PRAYING FOR VICTORY.

O, for a voice and a power
Speaking to the day and hour!
O, for some sweet angelic lyre,
To thrill, awake, arouse inspire,
To drive the footprints of all crime,
From every land and every clime,
And bring a new utillenuial birth,
Ol love and harmony to carth!

AN ESSAY

ON THE

ADVENTAGE CF THE EARTH

Greation of the Human Bace,

TO WHICH IS APPENDED

A BRIEF HISTORICAL REVIEW,

From the Period of the Deluge to the Present.

BY

FRANK PERKINS.

A display of Truth on the mere surface of Error is as the lightning-flash upon the evening cloud—it leaves no trace that it was there.

SAN FRANCISCO:

FRANK EASTMAN, PR., 509 CLAY ST. AND 508 COMMERCIAL ST. 1868.



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---AND----

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ESSAY.

Who with all earnestness shall Nature's works translate Will in those pleasing ways find conflict, throned in state. 'Tis Nature us invites to view conflicting laws—Provides the implements, and bids us search for cause. 'Till those laws harmonize our duties are not done; Life is a battle lost, or else a victory won. Strife is the opening act; by it all life begins; And strife continual, the strategy which wins.

What of our orb, the earth; its advent to its place; When young and shapeless bourne, where dwelt it then in space? Is it perpetual—secure against decay— Can aught exempt this earth by age to pass away? Its first inhabitants which rose to man's estate? Where did that germ reside? What process did create? Were all the human tribes from one location sprung? And hence our varied types of color, feature, tongue. Could Nature, guiding with its usual care. Depend successive races on a single pair? Devolving complex powers on that primal twain-Does such a theory great attributes maintain? These interrogatives the human mind conceives, And who ignores their birth himself the worst deceives. They will assert their place, nor asks the author why, Who yields perforce the ground, 't were folly to deny. They quickly prompt the truth; but slowly we confess What we now daily think, aye! timidly express. A dreaded presence joins to evening and to morn-A gastly skeleton, of superstition born. No logic can dispel-no argument of pith Can dissipate this shade -this weird, enfeebled myth.

And how unworthy this, of earth's maturer years;
To feed man's highest thought upon his lowest fears.
If without fear we come, no strangeness will appear
In forming reasons for our place and being here.
Far more of wonder in the mighty cause is found,
Of simple particles, which float in air around.
Marvel of marvels here and yon, where thought can trace
In bounds unspeakable great Nature's workshop—space.
There dwells economy of powers of ceaseless years,
In laboratory for creating worlds and spheres;
There joining qualities and quantities are done,
And varied compounds mingled into one;
There all the requisites of matter are in state,
Each with a ready force, by the great process wait.

Wisdom supreme enthroned, e'er time with earth begun, Or planets, ripe with age, moved round our central sun. Then power omnipotent unfashioned matter hurled Through space unlimited, the nursery of our world. The age our earth has passed in time, none knows the term—But as a starting point, all growth springs from a germ. A nucleus once formed, the process then is clear; A globe is stratified—built up from year to year. But inquiry is bold—the question thus is laid, Whence comes material, and how is strata made? Invisible the work, but leaving still a trace, A growth supplied from atoms floating through all space. These atoms, free to act, the laws of force inspire, And by affinity unite—forms matter, then, entire.

Of the great mass of earth, the elements are known; But previous this fact, their particles were grown. Not on the miraculous does that growth depend; But Nature's simple process, working to an end. Where shall be found the act—how works the mighty hand, Which perfects in its growth this matter at command?

Through all the realm of space, beyond the vital air, Ethereal essence forms the base of forces there; And should descriptive powers comparison invite,

To term it all would fail, by logic men indict. Though hidden from the eye of science and of art, 'Tis reason to assume it forms our earth in part. In space, it self-repels, preventing union there, But seeks a counterpart in atmospheric air. Throughout the solid earth, its vehicles are run-Brings us in waves of light the virtues of the sun. Its subtile medium controls electric force, Releases or confines, and regulates the course. Countless the agencies in which it works a share— Meets a demand of life by equalizing air: To all material by a close union clings; 'Tis indescribable by all existing things. In its capacity 'tis volatile as thought, Threading immensity in finest monads wrought; Its mystic numbers reach the stellar worlds afar Guiding the vision on, out to the distant star. 'Tis the accomplice of volition's known command— The instrument by which the brain directs the hand; Gives tone and order to our faculties combined. Ruling in judgment o'er the empire of the mind. The unseen world we touch through its benign control: It of embodied matter seems the living soul. Ether is then, in brief, the fountain chief of life-The spirit of the world—motion with it, is rife. Go now, in thought, to where our matter has its birth! Where ethereal joins with atmosphere of earth. Monad to atom join, where these two forces meet; Blending, they roll to earth—thus matter is complete. Then with some risk, perhaps, we say without debate, That comets are but worlds now in a youthful state; And once, perhaps, our earth, when in a plastic mood, Went visiting the stars, and was by planets woo'd. And thus accumulates, from worn-out orbs in space, The necessary means to fit her for her race. The query now enjoins the reason that we find, To limit earth to age, can any be assigned, By the terrestrial laws, that earth and its array Might waste beneath the powerful agents of decay?

Withdraw our atmosphere—its pressure from its place, We crumble and dissolve, then float away in space—That truth in eloquence is prest in every place, By Lunar's palsied limbs and desolated face.

Our little planet earth, an atom of its kind, Leaves its uncertain course—obeys a master mind. Then darkness thick as night encircled it around: Dense mist and noxious vapors closely veil'd the ground; Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, then on its surface grew, No principle of life from any source then drew. The universal sun o'er millions like our earth. Smiled at its advent, was present at its birth— Bending with face benign, constant with generous strife, He kissed her barren hills and warmed them into life. The earth confessed her love, returned the pure embrace, Joined in her lover's train, and journeyed face to face. A progeny appears, they teem on every side, In valleys creep their rounds, more swiftly in the tide. Improved by growth and age, our mother smiled at length, Her plains were verdure-clothed, her mountains put on strength. Her families advance in dignity and mien— Birds cheer the day with song, and flocks and herds are seen. The parent scanned her work, 't was perfect, not complete, Till then she had not seen a high but vacant seat. She summoned all her sons, bade them for her attend. Lo, none were out of place, none could that height ascend. Earth her first sorrow knew—a strange desire—unrest, To contemplate her joys, might drive that from her breast. Then forth from hill and vale, from river, lake and wood, The sea and in, declare, all things that are, are good. Tis well that knowledge brings a balm, a healing power; These bid the earth rejoice, and gladness rule the hour. See every living thing, each to their own retreat, Subjects, without constraint, are not all things complete? O yes, the past is well, the passing was too brief, And here is left a void-here dwells a secret grief, The offspring she had borne—why not with them converse? Might it not bring relief, could she to them rehearse

Her hopes and fears? Ah, why this blessing now defer, She essay'd, called to them—they could not answer her. Her eloquence was lost; her sorrows, none could share; "I will never be revealed, that period of prayer. The age was waning fast, nigh out its moments ran, She long and earnest prayed, and Nature gave her man. Eden, first home of man, for his abode most fit, His only duty was to dress it, to keep it. This garden was to him the first free gift of earth; No claimant else beside, it seemed his right by birth: She gave to him all rule, to him that vacant seat, A paradise was his, Eden was his retreat. Was he alone to tread this pathway strewn with flowers? A helpmate she provides to share the golden hours. Adam, called man the first; Eve, mother of mankind; Both marvels to our sense, by Nature were designed To represent on earth the highest type of life— Sacred relation theirs, none purer, man and wife. The tree of knowledge fair, midway the garden stood, Its quality of fruit was evil and was good. O'er all the garden free roamed Adam and his wife; They lingered 'neath the shade cast by the tree of life. At morn the blushing East invited forth the pair, Odors from Eden's flowers were borne on all the air. Led by the pleasing scene through fields before untried, They stand in silent awe by proud Euphrates' side. When heat of noontide came, they sought the shady bowers; Sat on the streamlet's brink and talked away the hours. When day had warn'd the night her empire to begin, When star succeeding star had ushered evening in, When Luna, from her throne, pale empress of the night, Apparel'd all the scene in silver'd robes of light. Again, the youthful pair rose from their grassy seat, Plucked clustering fruit from vines, figs from the tree, and eat. They chatted o'er their feast, nor dream'd they ought but weal, The night-bird cheered with song their dainty evening meal, And each succeeding day brought with it new delight, The charm was Nature's all, that met their wond'ring sight.

So passed their days of bliss, what more could they possess? The routine offered was continued happiness.

To Adam, saith the Lord, to you it shall be meet
To glean of all this fruit, thou mayest freely eat—
The tree of knowledge? No! It, thou shalt not go nigh!
If thou but eat of it, then thou shalt surely die.
While Adam spake with God, the devil talked with Eve—
His occupation was to falsify—deceive.
How well he played his part, to Eve so fraught with ill:
She listened; he prevailed on her to do his will.
His names are types of hate: Satan, serpent, devil!
O'er all the world he roams, in every form of evil—
He contradicted truth; told Eve she should not die;
This was his first untruth, his most enormous lie!
Eve took the fruit and eat, to Adam she gave part,
Thus our first parents fell, victims to Satan's art.

The sun his golden path was coursing toward the west. All paradise was hushed, it was the hour of rest. Again Jehovah spake-descended from on high-In Eden's shade he walked—to Adam he drew nigh. O'ereome with guilt and fear, the man of Eden hides; Transgression cowards make, while faith and truth abides. When Adam heard his Lord, he from his presence went-Adam! thy Master speaks! Why do yourself absent? The guilty tenant quailed, as one convicted should: He said, I was not clothed, and hid within the wood. He answered Adam thus: How know'st thy limbs had need Of clothing? Who counsel'd thee to take such heed? Hast thou presumed to eat the fruit of yonder tree-And did I not forbid all use of it by thee? The mind of Adam paused in a most worthy strife, But cowardiee prevailed and he accused his wife. Then the unhappy pair their miseries begun, When God thus questioned Eve, what is this thou hast done? The woman half assured, replied without deceit: The serpent counsel'd me; unthinking, I did eat. Then sentence on the fiend was given with a curse-The women by her seed should all his race disperse.

Above all eattle eurs'd, compelled the dust to eat,
Condemn'd to erawl the earth, erushed by avenging feet.
Sentence likewise, and just, was passed on Adam now,
He heneeforth bread must gain by moisture of his brow.
The eonsequence to Eve, in justice seems unfair,
Ruled over by the man—a mother's woes to bear.
Their former happy haunts no longer served their home,
In sadness they went forth, strangers on earth to roam.
When tempests o'er them swept, they for their Eden yearn'd,
But innocence once lost can never be returned.
Their portion now was toil, to eve from early morn,
'Mid eare and grief to them were sons and daughters born.

Their sons, Abel and Cain, inherited the ill;
One led a herdsman's life; one chose the ground to till.
Contention had been sown, was springing into life,
One altar burn'd with fire; the other, hate and strife.
The off'ring Abel brought was recognised by flame,
Cain built an altar near, but no acceptance came.
With fallen countenance, and darken'd, wrathful brow,
The first born from his heart banish'd the sacred vow.
A demon hover'd near, again his art he plied,
Again he scourged mankind by the first fratricide.

Of our first parents' place but little has been known; So inquiry, research, must for that want atone: And if our reason urged 't was not an ocean isle, Cause and effect might plead some delta of the Nile, Where mingling waters join—the bitter and the sweet Supplying every want—perfecting man's retreat. No matter when or where, but how!—we must agree That this production is of Earth, conjoined with Sea. But God created man; to that great truth we bow—In his economy may he not tell us how? Is not this far above the baser use of mind, That seeks among the brutes the author of its kind? The plan development, that man rose from the beast, Is plausible, easy—eause, why that faith increas'd. The learn'd of Darwin's school, with sophistry of plan,

Join, by most gentle grade, the animal to man: And how ingenious is the method that is shown! Blending all species by a science of their own. Those who these views defend, ereation's work defame-To say from lowest insects the human races came: Selection—that's their word; domesticated—bred— Trained—tutored and recross'd, by higher knowledge led. Though skillfully conecaled, their logic takes this shape-That Adam's grandsire was a huge, ungainly ape! And Adam's father, rising from his state, Selected Miss Gorilla as his trusting mate. Such gross conclusions have no word in their defense: They rob creative skill—they shock our common sense. These liberal conceits extensively prevail, This softly letting down through Darwin's sliding scale, That we from apes have sprung, holds an unbounded sway, And will, until 't is shown there is some other way. In the beginning, when this globe was forming—new— Life was the condition: it, as earth strengthened, grew; And nature has, as if of man's device afraid, Placed in progressive life a register of grade. Five periods have passed where this has been displayed: Of each, a race has ruled, and its own hist'ry made. Succeeding rapidly each other in their reign, It makes each race distinct, and reasoning most plain. Crustaceans were first—they ruled a term in strife, And vielded to obey the law of higher life. Fishes next, then reptiles, each by that law succeeds; Last—mammals, (sea and land), the race of man precedes. One age or period to each of them we trace, Each dominant, until superiors took their place. But fishes are not from the erustaceans' place, Nor birds from reptiles born, nor man from mammal race. Each had a form of work, by which the earth has grown; Each a creative term exclusively its own. These propositions are now positively known; They're written in our earth, by fossil figures shown. The age that gives a race, from reasoning we learn, Can not again create—ean never more return.

Those who our origin will rigidly inspect, May feel that history is not in all correct. Observe here at the North, our native tribes have dwelt We know for centuries, and still no changes felt; No civilizing forms, untouched by paler blood, Can change the color of these children of the wood. And so with Afric race—they dwell in the same clime With pale men, and might retain their shade to end of time. How could these races, now plainly distinct, have been Traced to one source alone? a single origin? In Europe, and with us, the mastodon we trace-Identical in both, the period and race. Here two creative points at the same time have been, And if with animals, then why not so with men? When great desire had stirred the sleep in its repose, Then out from boundless space tho sea of matter rose: In tumult wildly swept the elemental storm, And wrought the universe from chaos into form. The fiery Titan bade chaotic power desist, And reach'd the drooping earth contending with the mist; He burn'd with life and light, where once so dark and drear, And o'er all surface moved a living atmosphere. This drew the pliant earth into diviner ways, And all her powers prepared for man her later days. Long period of years o'er earth's slow changing face, Sublimest of her reign, birth of the human race. Deep laid in cypher-lines where that great work began, A record clear and true, to be revealed by man. Consider now this orb, some ages past in time, When full creative strength marked earth as in its prime. Then grew gigantic mammals, and hugely shapen trees, Then stately the leviathan roamed monarch of the seas. Those were the days of strength, as fossils to us show; That mighty period placed mankind in embryo. From every substance drawn that seas and earth combine-The chemicals of air—all, joined this form divine; In every change that age, by time's assistance, sped, Earth carefully prepared for her maternal bed. The ocean's ebbing form, receding from earth's face,

Had placed the germ of man within its warm embrace; Then she in sympathy kind offices begun, And cradled there her charge, to kindle by the sun, And patiently between, when fierce that fountain burn'd. To shield her progeny her graceful figure turn'd; Day with electric beams thrilled every fiber through, And evening joined with sweet, invigorating dew. By combinating powers, the principle called life Is by destruction born—by elements at strife: While life incipient strong poisons might employ, Yet at maturity that life they would destroy. Then why not we conceive that the primeval state Demanded negatives alone to first create? And softening as passed the incubating term Had planted, positive, life's essence in the germ, And e'er that man awoke in reason to adore, The causes to create had passed him, gone before; Then ripening in all the glory of its prime, A human harvest crowned the earth's autumnal time.

Did Nature (rich in means), bestow on earth its share? If so, was not an Eden planted everywhere? And no partitioning of the glorious sun, To humanize one part, erc others had begun. Could its enliv'ning rays on Asia full descend, And passing to the west, the genial spark suspend? Such incongruities the mind of man rejects, And writes upon them all unreconciled defects. The first and last, the great and one eternal cause, Does not for once transgress the least of Nature's laws.

Is it a verdict then, of reason's exercise,
That of localities one only must suffice?
Where the assisting powers special appointment kept,
Narrowed a mighty work and bid us it accept!
Can even balanc'd minds fair reasoning mature,
Not moved by theories, from prejudice secure?
Can such the notion hold—deliberately trace—
That from one favored spot sprang all the human race?
Or was the whole of earth most graciously prepared

To bear a crowning work, in which her all had shared? Was 't not variety, ever to Nature true, Through local causes gave each structure, feature, hue? Who but reflects on cause of difference in race, May follow, by effect, to each appointed place. Where winds the Volga's course toward its Caspian bed; The pale Caucasian claims first that soil to tread. Far to the rugged north the Lena holds its sway, Merging the tribute streams on its resistless way. Where sweeping through the gorge, fretting to spray and foam, Aside the Mongul made his rude primeval home. Congo!-thrice branching stream, by thirsty desert flows; And from its sultry banks a dusky race arose. From Nova Zembla to the Polynesian Isles--On Ethiopia's plain, 'mid Patagonia's wilds, All quickening as came the life infused devise, Spreading out all the earth one boundless Paradise. Who shall describe the thrill which through all nature ran, When God-like matter took the form of creature, man? O, how rejoiced the earth, when pillowed on her breast The last created forms that rose to call her blest!

What wonder fills our minds that patriarchs of old The constellations read, and changes too foretold! The sage, observant Noah, within his vineyard stood, And view'd celestial change that told him of a flood; He calculated stars, their motion and their time, Bade wicked men prepare for punishment of crime. Five hudnred years he watched the moon as it came forth: Marked how each phase foretold the drowning of the earth. His friends were little moved, they married, sow'd and reap't, And heeded not until the deluge o'er them swept! Their wickedness, 'tis urged, turned Nature quite aside, And joined the elements to ruin far and wide. Japhet, and Shem, and Ham, were the succeeding race, In them their grandsires' sins should not have found a place. They left the trusty Ark, that pride of human power, Pushed on to Shinar's Plain, there they would build a tower: Its height should vie with clouds; there they might high ascend

And then defy a flood, should God another send.
Confusion seized their tongues, distraction pres'd their minds.
They scattered in their fears, like chaff before the winds.
Through Asia and the east rose Scythian and Mede—
Greek, Persian—all distinct in color, language, creed.
Heber, from whom descends the patriarchial race
Who dwelt in tents and fixed on Canaan as their place—
From him the Hebrews came; from them twelve tribes went forth—

And here began the work to proselyte the earth. Jacob's twelve sons were first; each one a tribe began: Their first example was man's cruelty to man. They covenanted that their brother might be sold, And Joseph made a slave, for twenty pounds of gold. By shrewdness, thrift and gain, their lands and flocks increas'd. And every tribe confessed the orders of a priest. The priestcraft or their rites of idol playing pranks, Were but the juggleries of common mountebanks. Their legislature-judge, Egyptian-learned prince, In these no equal had, none lived before or since: He bowed the people down to what he called the law, And held them in close bonds, by superstitious awe. The origin of slave stands 'gainst this code of old— Shame to us of this age, we've copied, bought and sold. David, their model king, bowed low to self and spite, By placing where he knew his friend would fall in fight; By treachery and craft his purposes were won, In his own family most heinons crimes were done; Why now for these should we attempt a weak excuse, Who now would 'scape Judge Lynch if found in such abuse ? Wrong can not be so old, but it would hide from truth, Or mask itself with age, maturity, or youth. How royalty and pomp by Solomon were cast, And how the present apes those follies of the past, Though wisdom in sharp saws flash'd from his fertile mind. He was not then inspired when slandering woman-kind, He took a thousand wives,—when, how, and where he would; Who now believes his word that none of them were good? A similar to him resides near lake saline.

And is not thus unjust his females to malign. Thou gem, Consistency, we ne'er can reach thy goal, If Brigham we condemn and Solomon extol. Beside, this king through life moved with a gory hand; His brother in cold blood was slain by his emmand. Their history but tells of violence and blood, Those men eould not be worse for whom was sent a flood. For twice two thousand years the strong the weak oppres'd, The chosen tribes at length by force were dispossesd. By desolating wars oft Jordan's vale was torn, Tribes and their captured ranks to Babylon were born. Old Israel mourn'd in song, oft o'er her gricfs would pore, But justice claimed her life, her place is known no more. Hope goes with all her race, through every realm and clime: How beautiful the faith, her ehildren trusting time. From stern Mosaie rites, borne through all varying grades. To dream of exiled gods, by Delphi's mystic shades, Thus were the thoughts of men drawn by a heathen age. To drown in triple stream, of poet, myth, and sage. A conflict there begun-truth rose in vernal morn-In throes, from error's force, was infant reason born; Grecce, who begun with gods, has wandered on to man; Rome changed her Senate for a throne, and Vatican. City of seven hills, once mistress of the world, From whence in fiery zeal anathemas were hurled; She said, and princes bowed—her will, the rulers' law— Her cercmonies charmed—her threat'nings held in awc, Who mem'ry to refresh, thy ancient splendors seek, To him in eloquence thy ruincd arches speak-Tells there was once a *Rome* that proudly bore that name. Now humbled by reproach, intolerance, and shame. The world for centuries ecclesiasties owned; Bodies and souls of men dead liberty bemoaned; E'en now, the mother Church persistently she clings To that presumptuous claim, the right divine of kings. Her triple-mitred chief in comie act declares T' is his prerogative at once to fill two chairs. When Italy fulfills her destiny, as drawn, The world will witness then one occupation gone!

Now quakes that sturdy chief, now trembles in his lair, The wily occupant of famed Saint Peter's chair; His church her millions hold, and civic right ignores, While marble-imaged Saints stand guard by iron doors. The verdict of all time—no people can be great, Where creed enslaves the mind and churches rule the State.

The onward flow of life produced a change of scene, And placed before the world the lovely Nazarene. Oft men have moved the world by action, will, and force; Controlled the minds of men, turned nations from their course. Moses and Mahomet, by energetic act, Disclosed the weaker points where mind might be attacked, Enthusiasts in works, and vigilants for power, Their creeds intensified by error, reach this hour. This influence on man, which millions now involve, Pales by the splendors of one personal resolve. By Nazareth's calm lake dwelt Joseph and his wife, A lowly family, and led a humble life; Children had blest their lot-Jesus was their first born, The church then spurned his gift, her portals to adorn. His youthful period passed near by his native soil, Oft were the father's cares made lighter by his toil. Gifted beyond the age, he early sought for truth, Astonished learned men while he was yet a youth; His mission soon absorbed all other earthly care, And made the forest-depths his frequent place of prayer. The Hebrew nation dreamed, when captive to their foes, That miracles would work the end of all their woes. Divine support was surc-was promised, it would seem; This was for centuries a wild, gigantic dream. Through soft, poetic shade, the vision seemed to them Possession of their love—their hope, Jerusalem. In Jesus they then sought the power to give the stroke, Aud free them from that scourge, the cruel Roman yoke: All off'rings to that end he steadily refused; The warfare he must wage, no carnal weapons used. To turn him from his course, ambition sued in vain; He stood by truth and right, there steadfast to remain.

The purpose of his soul, firm as his native hills, But gentle as the flow of silent, coursing rills, His nature pitying the weakness of his kind, Revealed in every glance, thought of a noble mind. When subtlety a snare would place around his path, He reasoned to disarm, but answered not in wrath. While he remained on earth the outcast had a friend; The wretched everywhere, when he spake, would attend; The sick, the sorrowful, his healing presence sought, To loose from demon power the lunatic was brought. His sentence for a crime was ne'er pronounced before That merciful command to go and sin no more. Not in our history can experience find Such winning qualities of heart, and of the mind: Search all the records of the old world and the new. Bring single characters, and hold them up to view. The chosen men of old, who claimed unnatural aid. To their extravagance no honor now is paid, And the barbarities they practiced when at war, (Anointed though they were,) we wink at and abhor: For instance, Joshua, when Jericho would take, Enjoined on all his band no prisoners to make; Not pleased, should his revenge on men alone remain, But women, children-all, were by his order slain. What cause had he to drive the Canaanites away? They lived in thriving homes, and claimed the right to stay; When such proceedings are to our decision left. We call it robbery—murder—and wholesale theft; We quote their Joshua, not history deface; He was their champion, most able of that race. Thus by comparison is truth from error known; To us in contrast only, light and shade are thrown. Jesus of Nazareth a man of woes and grief-Joshua, his prototype, a warlike robber-chief. Jesus was Joshua by history revived; By genealogy most cunningly contrived. When candor views their acts to which allegiance give, How in the hearts of men can both these heroes live?

All hail to Nazareth, his place of humble birth, Who shone a blameless life, like sunbeams o'er the earth.

The old world, for a change, was seriously tried, And with its boundaries became dissatisfied. One open way remained, one only could there be: The spirit of enterprise must leap into the sea. 'T was then that Portugal the world and science wronged; To her a golden key exclusively belonged; Her boldest mariners were timidly withdrawn -No bark would e'er return that sailed beyond Cape Noun. Thus Portugal was rocked by superstitious fears, Her commerce slow declined, and growth suppress'd for years, The youth ambition, Spain invited there to dwell— He gained the mastery, and bound her by his spell; The dream, discovery, had passed beyond her shores, Had reached out to de Verds, Cape Blanco and Azores. Then one prolific mind, in reasoning, began To seek in western seas a new abode for man. No scheme that ever man gave to his startled race Could be so ill-received, to them so out of place. By prejudice they moved; they would not understand, That opposite, there was a hemisphere of land.

When forth from Leon's court Ambition's genius sped, No honors throughd his pathway, and no pageant shed Its gorgeous light around the stripling weaver's folds, Silent and lone he bore the destiny of worlds.

Refused and mocked by lords, by ministers and throng, A woman's queenly heart bade stay the offered wrong. Her regal, rightful coronet of pearl and gem, Changed from her brow to coin, broke not that diadem. Immortal prompting that, time brings no more such spell, And Isabella's name shall future ages tell; Now o'er the crested wave be Castile's flag unfurled; Go! speed with dauntless heart, and bear thy name a world. The trusty Pinta waits her brave Columbus' band, And Palos echoes loud, hope for that unknown land. Far o'er the trackless main the trio-sail have gone;

Suns rise and set in gloom; days, weeks, and months roll on; Weary and sad the day, weary alike the night; E'en hope of home has fled, when lo! a gleam of light! 'T is land! Prostrate, the crew now true thanksgiving pours, While o'er the Spanish flag the Eagle proudly soars. New born of Jove the cry, Freedom anew shall live, And all the universe that word a welcome give. Isle of Britannia's rule in persecution groans, Her sons and daughters slaves, her wealth usurped by drones; Virtue to dismal cell consigned by bigot hate, Views last the kindly light and wails her hapless fate; Fixed to the burning pile her children helpless shriek, High poised the fatal axe, crimsoned with blood and reek, Religion's peaceful garb conceals the gory hand, Reason is dumb with fear, and wanders through the land; Safety must flee the realm, and conscience points the road; 'T is o'er the heaving deep, to soil ordained of God. Mark yonder little group; from sacrilege they flee; See what should stay a fiend upon Southampton quay. Farewell to kindred ties, adieu to native land, Oppression's work is done, firm closed the iron hand; Young Liberty in vain strives the rude grasp to free, The demon of despotic rule now flings it in the sea.

The frail Mayflower goes forth, and braves the wintry blast; Stout hearts, but anxious now, where fate their lot may cast. 'T is on an ice-clad shore, a bleak and stormy coast—December's frost is there, and near, a savage host: Forest and savage yield when strong arms interpose, Deserted plains were tilled, and blossomed as a rose; Cities and towns appear'd, States made and commerce-crown'd, The Puritan was blest, Peace smiled on all around.

Hark! how that dismal trump peals forth from Britain's shore:
The lion in his wrath now shakes the world all o'er,
Drives forth the legions o'er whose will he reigns,
To bind the continent in servile laws and chains.
No fear the Pilgrim breathes, but firmness binds his brow:
The pastor leaves his flock, and husbandman his plow.
To arms! to arms!! is heard, and fast the heralds fly—

Valley and hill resound—resolve to do or die
Flash follows flash in hot and sulphurous breath;
Then on, for liberty! to victory or death!
Fierce resolution ruled, and foemen sought the fight,
Despots their masters met, in battle for the right!
Britannia's outstretched arm could seas and oceans clasp,
And high the trident hold with firm and steady grasp,
And while her lion-liege was gathering his might,
The Eagle closely watched him from his towering height.

The colonists declared self-government was right, And pledged their sacred word to keep that truth in sight: From burdensome restraints they sought to be relieved, And questioned earnestly the cause that so aggrieved. The patriotic men in eloquence grew warm; Debated how they might avert the coming storm. Council nor king would hear of freedom no discourse, But sent them as a guide, a military force. The masses pass'd unheard all threatenings and alarms, And solemnly resolved they would appeal to arms. Pilgrim and cavalier, the north and south unite; Thirteen Republics join in the defense of right! The Earl of Chatham saw a vision of defeat: Warn'd king and ministers in eloquent debate. While the young colonies prepared for their defense, The parent nation ruled its child as wanting sense. Petitions were contemn'd-ignored by king and court-And supplications oft occasions made for sport. Oppression, like a plant, grows not without a soil, A genial climate, and by careful, constant toil: Such requisites were by that English Court possessed, And bore the usual fruits of wrong to be redress'd. Plans now to subjugate, all their powers engross'd, And armaments were sent against the infant host! Though juvenile in years—a growth of recent time— They treated as they ought, invasion as a crime! Forth came the marshal'd ranks, from Albion afar, And o'er the continent then swept the tide of war! But even with that wave, was borne o'er every sea,

A declaration that—all were created free!

Forever be those words proclaimed from freedom's goal—Wake constant echo's from the center to each pole.

No force can overcome unconquerable they,
Who were in freedom's name against despotic sway.

And so invaders found, when after years of toil,
Their legions captured, or were sleeping 'neath the soil.

Again with shouts of war the atmosphere is rife! Now foemen draw the sword in fratricidal strife. The nation bares her breast and reels beneath the stroke: Her sable children seek release from bondage yoke: · They flee the task and lash drawn by their dawning day; Their tread the nation shakes, as on they wend their way. The council seek in vain, light in that trying hour, The constitution search for delegated power. Distrust, faction, dared them one word from freedom speak; The law was treason's shield—the strong against the weak. A culminating point 'twas evident was near, When lo! the magic words, they're contraband of war! The people caught the flame, indorsed the phrase as true. And soon were Afric's sons ranged by the boys in blue! The men who waged revolt, and claimed it as their right, In ridicule declared the blackskins would not fight. The answer came anon, when firm their column stood Before fort Wagner's fire, and bathed their ranks in blood: In scores, in hundreds swept by that devouring hail, Onward to charge they moved—to death, but not to quail. While there the war-storm raged, freedom beheld the flood, Sealed then her firm decree in Shaw's and Carney's blood. The madden'd foe resolve their prestige to regain; They force the tide of war, and rend the tyrant chain! The nation's champion put forth this just decree— Proclaimed to all the world Americans were free! See liberty rejoice!—o'er all her banner waves! Russia holds no more serfs; America, no slaves. Could we but feel the thrill from justice for that right, We'd rend her bandage off and bid her feast her sight. To quiet thought and peace the people now return,

In competition's mart their interest they learn. Released from bonds of wars, they spring to civic arms; The press, the plow and loom, the warlike spirit calms. How interchange of thought now sparkles round the earth; Each day the news from France is told at every hearth: From continents and isles 'tis instantaneous brought-Lightnings subdued to mind, and oceans chained by thought! And as each flashing spark attaches clime to clime, So by its speed denotes the throbbing pulse of time---The contest long and sharp ere Nature deigns to yield; The timid lose all heart and leave a winning Field. Westward the spirit moves 'till snowy peaks they scale, Where rocky paths are hewn to place the iron rail: Up to the frowning height and summit of our land, March the civilian host and entrance there demand! No obstacle but yields; with every check they cope, 'Till welcomed by their peers on the Pacific slope. Hail to the iron bands which firmly now relates Her eastern sisters with the Union Gem of States! Onward the life tide rolls toward our fast rising State; Crowning with home the hills around the Golden Gate! There now her valleys teem with cereals and vines, And deep within her hills are riches of the mines. In the great race of trade, she disputants outran, And seized, commercially, on China and Japan. Now nations from afar attend on her behest-Ere long thou'lt rule the world, Great Empire of the West!



The Dope of Mankind.

BY

WILLIAM E. F. KRAUSE,

AUTHOR OF "AMERICAN INTERESTS IN BORNEO," "INFLUENCE OF THE UNITED STATES ABROAD," "FOUR POEMS," "THE SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE."

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Contents of the Present Volume.

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The Medicinal Plant.

Sun and Earth.

America.

A Fragrant Flower. The Great Pacific Railroad.

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CRAFTSMEN'S LIFE



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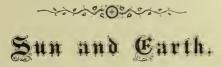
Creation.



ERNITY'S commencement!!! O mortal, pray cease thy lament, Souls of the godly shall praise The Creator of systems and righteous ways; From within their own hearts extending, Their flights to Homeward are wending, And live in hope and in charity's love, In faith of His glory, here and above, That God now dwells within you; Thy reason is godly to know, Happy thy life in His presence, Sweet conscience good actions pretense. Enough the Universe in evolutions sighs, Speeds eternally the throng of lives Upon our own burning globe transparent, In firmament to other worlds translucent, Through space ethereal and infinite As one of myriad stars appearing; From afar its brilliant light returning To us, intensified! Is changing Into Heavenly Love, reflexing, His above, in all existing constellations shining, Now here all atoms piercing;

Life's presence in us reaching Transmutes, is our soul, the godly light creating; Love to be good and acting right, Hast thou the Father forever in sight, Who gave you memory of thy past, Inveils thy future, beyond the minute, last? If not the godly light, Brighter than your earthly sight In thee were ever shining; Love to be His, is His beseeching, Each as party, to the charter Of the vessel at sea, Before the storm is to flee From the dangerous cliffs To the safe harbor, he gives To the intrepid and valorous steering, Each minute the wind may be veering; Perish the vessel, but safe are the souls When done is thy duty, in sight are the shoals. The presence merely dots eternal time, A living death at Heaven's shrine Is your delight who goodly lives, Has endless life, who always gives To Him his thanks who lives within, While I am here, points there come in. Be charitable, good and kind, To all who be of every mind, Are here thy brethren, all In him to live and to receive the call

To others voluntarily extend
Their good, which shall befriend
A widened circle of the human mass,
Until at last the world to class
Their countless lives in a bliss of moment,
The next above! To be content.



THE brilliant Sun, in glory resting, Of worlds consumed, anew are forming Eternally in spaces, either Of Heaven's own transfer. Issuing intensest heat, Diffusing warmth and light to greet Universal systems, countless globes, Guiding life to far away abodes; Its distance to this world beneath, As ours is to constellations myth. Almighty God, to suns and matter, is Eternal love to all creation His, To our Earth daily rotating, Defiling before it, presenting Her spherical body to sight, The surface exposed receiving the light. Great is the bliss, Sweet is the kiss

Of constant love, Consummate above. From the morning sun searing, Attracting, surveying, With steadfast gaze, The distant haze: Enfolding the globe's Firmental abode: As she is moving in orbit, By vapors inveiled yet, In darkness completely enshrouded, When dense are the clouds and amassed, Rain pouring in torrents, Drenehing, deluging contents, Fertilizing the erust of the earth Entirely without it in dearth. At its height the tempest is raging, Fearfully the thunder is roaring, Flashes the lightning, igniting; Conseience rueing, Forgiveness sueing. Of thy soul in the grief; Repentance—as mercy—makes anguish but brief; Salvation is thine, by bravely amending Thy ways, to labor attending, Useful to you, and others Near you are brothers, Appreciating intentions well meant,

Best seen in good actions well sent. Value the mite as a gift bestowed, Showing the heart within you is moved-By the power of will is charity proved. Contrary currents are tossing, Tearing and lifting The scintillating orb through space, The vacuum refilled, time rolling apace, Truly, demurely, Onwardly, surely, Daily rotates our terrestrial globe In its assigned abode; Circling the Sun, To the glory of God—His will be done And the Sun's greeting Is destined of reaching, With warmth and light, Gradually, all Earth and water in sight; Heralding the day by dispersing, Dissolving, Condensing Exhalations and gases Into dew-drop masses, As diamonds shining, Are settling, encircling The innocent brow, white as the snow, Skirting the garb in its emerald glow Of beautiful Earth's entire conclave, Independent rejoicing, nowhere a slave; And good and bad of the human existing, Annointed with reason inspired, are thanking The Creator of Suns and of light, Of warmth and of love in its might,

For his mercy of hearts fond are to give, Here to his children, in Him are to live. Intense is the glow Fleeting below; Carrying delight Frommyriads might, Of dazzling rays, Through fiery ways, In infinite space abating Into genial air for the living. And the splendor of light of the days, Chasing from hill-tops the purpling rays, Embracing the forest, the field, and the meadow, Coaxing the insect from shadowy furrow Mantling the linnet, after his bath, Smoothing his feathers, is singing at last, Free and independent as the eagle, Above him in eirele, Is soaring and eyeing The Spectre of Man! persistently trying To navigate aerial regions, Encompassing time, and their passions, Productive of good for the living, The body submissively following Genius, wherever is guiding, (Fide! the venerable Seward Alaska is reaching,) The search after wisdom's content. Which the tenor of life shall present. Thus the globe in daily rotating,

From the meridian sun absenting

One section of Earth,

Is others presenting in dearth;

Behind us approaching,

Expecting and needing,

The powerful rays,

Brightening their ways,

United, are eastwardly moving,

Upon the home of the mortal remaining—

Shows us the sweetness,

Divine will, completeness,

Of the virtue "benevolence."

Render assistance

To others existing,

Helpless are living,

May'st thou give,

That they can live.

A trifle are millions, and scarce,

Where millions are trifles on Earth,

Thine is the heart and the wealth to give

The strangers who needs—let live,

Until the Earth is weaned from light,

Each section gratefully parting the sight,

Their plains and prairies—the mountains at last--

Bidding adieu to the day held fast

In their snowy embrace,

A merciful grace

To the belated, in twilight, from home,

In valleys where hut and the dome

Shelter the weary, securely resting

In God, for the night, as Father is watching.

A Pragrant Plower.



1.

FLOWER blooms, its charms bespeak God's care and mine to love it; It bows its face so sweet and meek, From every swarthy summit.

2.

In summer, when cool foliage dense,
Is screening it so truly,
You know it well in all the glens
From sister playmates surely.

3.

Its redolence, a mighty dowry,
Bestowed by Heaven's father;
Which is a wealth no worldly glory,
Without true heart can gather.

4

Will gentle zeyphrs playfully,
Make known its lone existence;
The world admires carelessly,
Where love has no subsistence.

5.

The summer gone, it is no more,

Nor can you find the spot;
Its fragrance led to it before,

And now! Small deeds of heart your lot.

6.

May be next year its climbing up a grave,
Enclosed by wealth in mortar;
Its odor sweet do angels crave,
To carry love immortal.

The Medicinal Plant.

~~~~

PLANT of tiny growth will speak
Of worlds beyond, of wisdom which we seek, Its life is there, it's born to wither, The root to live! while souls go hither, Why is it here contemporaneously, Near me to live, and I should boldly Deprive of life what is divine, Within my reach destroy to lengthen thine? And firmly rooted in the sacred soil. The earth in ever constant toil To germinate and bring to life, Should I mutilate, adding to strife? What is decreed, and surely is Inimitable here designs of His Think serviceable, Heavenly trust, Because in ashes lives all earth's crust? Each being to the chaos mass, Eternity to the hour-glass, A noble deed to outward bliss, A thought in swiftness to an infant's kiss; The plant benefactor in the fullest sense, Has neither charms nor redolence, Is born within periphery Of visage mine to visions glory; Its usefulness attention craved, From birds or insects knowing to be saved. Observing this the Indians of yore, Beyond the flood's remote tradition core,

Instinctively in surety applied The plant, as remedy for hurts allied, With pain from wounds in time of war, Pursuit of chase or other accidents debar, All imitation of a pachydermal fury, Innate in man in whom mercy Had not applied the break; Subduing passions through religions make, Hindering wrath to plunge headlong God's image into death, which shall beloug To life as guard o'er every soul's salvation. Thus from pain arose warm gratitude, (As well as barbarous servitude:) The Indians delight at vanquished pain, Unloosening his freedom's chain, Plucked herbs, preserving plants to ponder O'er the marvellous, what is divine is vonder; Onward sped the reputation Of a plant's innate power of consolation, Until shrunk up to dust became Both without record of their fame. By the world's sublunary sway, Myth and legend became order of the day, Superstition's bigotry, Cruelties and despot's rivalry, With lucid intervals at last, Of knowledge's gleaming light to cast A furtive glance at tiny plants, Inland greening or on ocean's sands, Until Apollo rose the pagan's God of Physic, And Theophrastus botanized in Greece and Egypt, Esculapius had saved the life of Hippolitus, Was Physic taught by Paracelsus. Science made a plant's true worth imperishable, The plant itself, of life inestinable,

Wherever decks the earth, the loving floor Shall by it, benefit the rich and poor; At any time at any place arise New men, new plants to pluralize; Ancient wisdom, by additional research To prolong a life, at best to perch Upon the higher branches of the presence Of the tree of life's existence, Ever green to mortals millions. Ever adding ages legions To its imperishable roots, The love of God to offshoots, By suns assisted and by air, The one to see, and by its glare Breathe the other to deserve. The reasoning power and the nerve To stand the trials of a life. Made by ourselves as unrife, In wisdom comprehending The proper use of our senses tending Towards confusion in selection Of what is good for life's protection, As far as minutes are concerned Of what a centenarian has gained; A better knowledge than the rest, Who end their life without true test Of a mortal's power of endurance, Yet is the child superior of innocence, Before him goes atoning parent's sins, Preserved alike are both in Heaven's regions; For death is knowledge of the fact That life in him is never ending and malefactors sacked; Prove human laws infringe upon divine, Instead of lifelong caging, slay penitence sublime.

# America.

しなるので

1

ROM the confines of two oceans Rises the nation of men,
Herald of Freedom's emotions,
To the oppressed in their den.

2

Piercing the darkness of ages, Reaches the light of the free; Independent forever to races, Allied with ns to thee.

3

United, are happy at home,
In this land of liberty's choice;
Acknowledge the good which, alone,
Can quicken the heart to rejoice.

4

The mind is directing exertion,
Labor is gladly performed;
Morals shall free from coercion,
A life by senses misruled.

5

Virtues encircle the cottage—
The palace's widened aisle;
Humanity severing bondage,
Intolerance welded awhile.

6

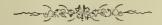
Prize highly the gift of the poor,
Of noble intentions—assurance
Only the Union is strong to allure
The world to Freedom's procurance.

7

Learn from the people the secret,
Where wisdom is hid among,
That thy thoughts to motives concrete,
In tune with thy mirthful song.

8

If actions be bright as the day,
Warm is the shake of the hand;
Shall usefulness bloom in May?
Persevere in labor, and love this land.



# The Great Zacific Zailroad

AND ITS

IMMEDIATE EFFECTS UPON CALIFORNIA AS A MANUFACTURING STATE, AND UPON SAN FRANCISCO AS THE WESTERN CARRIER OF THE UNITED STATES COMMERCE TO ASIA AND TO OCEANICA.



The following poem conveys a strong impression of the manifest destiny of America—not only as the hope of oppressed mankind, but by the application of steam—the harbinger of charity, to six hundred millions of Asiatics. The entire Asia has never voluntarily traded with us, because the Chinese demanded material proofs of the superiority of our civilization over theirs, which we did not give lucidly enough.

My idea is, that we here in America must now commence manufacturing by steam their antediluvian patterns and sell them to the Chinese at a profit to the great astonishment of both.

If we thus benefit them materially, they will speedily sympathize with us generally, and not only enrich us and the entire civilized world, but themselves become votaries to it.



1.

Onward rolls the avalanche,
Westward flows the mighty stream,
Of the greatest worldly branch,
Of mankind's—nation's dream.

2.

From New York, the eastern station, From Chicago's central strength, Collects the progress of the nation, To amass in San Francisco's length. 3

Westward bound has civilization spread,
From western Asia to Europe's steppes;
From Europe to America was lead
Around the globe to Asia's adepts.

4

Four hundred millions of the race, Now in reach by one month steam, Shall compare what we can trace, Of progress since the Bible's gleam.

5

Be assured of Freedom's right,
Vested in the soul of each;
Stretching farther than their genii might,
Nor worship of the sky can reach.

6

Strong in will, ability and wealth,
Superior in religion, civilization's hope,
Shall we convince, and not by stealth,
With China, larger than all Europe, cope.

7

To benefit four hundred millions
Is to enlarge the civilized world;
Not only we, but mankind's legions
Shall then rejoice and sheathe the sword.

8

To the Chinese to prove that we are wiser,
Is to convince them through their pockets;
Thus steam must be the strong adviser,
Its whistle our progress sockets.

9

Blessed be its vastest quickening power,
Which, next to love, is truly our own;
Fraternally we live and shower
Constant happiness through its blessings known.

10

Immense the commerce flowing Westward, Small in return the fear of inundation; Their exclusiveness is antedeluvian windward, Unconcerned by emigration.

11

While, when here, whoever is of mankind
Is always welcome in America:
It is the crib in which the entire human race shall find,
The savior from tyrany: Justicia.

12

We shall remember that this soil
Is but tenanted from Almighty God;
Therefore, to circumstances let us adapt, and by it foil
What is not humane among the human lot.

13

Adding to work for all upon the spot,
Discriminating well adeptness,
In harmony the human lot
Cements with love their usefulness.

14

As to the work itself to find,
At all times steady, well-paid labor;
Is not the genius of America behind
To push us on to valor?

15

And gives us now the best of lecture
Of how to stop the present crisis:
Chinese goods we here must manufacture,
Rely on steam to cheapen prices.

16

Instead of losses, shall huge gain
Redown upon Eureka's million,
In front are we the vanguard to attain
What moves America in her Westward mission.

New factories arise in all directions,
All laborers benefited by
The hum, support the just reflection,
That we are one beneath the sky.

18.

As to the laborer here, who by his toiling hands, His love for wife and many children shows; We shall protect his time and wages where he stands, Securely his happiness flows.

19.

No umbrage does the merchant take, At odd demands upon the trade; But promptly manufactures for his sake, What shoes and cues suit their parade.

20.

The lesson is a sharp one surely,

To every lukewarm hopeless one;

Who does not now conceive completely,

What's manifest, that will be done.

21.

Quite natural the eastern goods accumulate,
And dollar stores the consequence;
Until we rise and here create,
A Lowell for the World's convenience.

22.

The great Pacific Railroad built,
Is not to alienate, but to unite
All national interests centering in that guild
Which is the World forever, now in sight.

23.

Reflect upon the railroad as main artery,

To diffuse the progress of America;

Shall now unite with Fulton's ocean's mastery,

And course the world from California.

Glorious be thy future, California!

A new era date from San Francisco;
We shall lead what leads America,
To mankind shall we progress show.

25.

In order that thy soul retain

The echo of these hopeful lines.

Ride quickly to the cliffs, and near the Golden Gate remain,

Until the foaming truth upon you shines.

26

And if by sunset you still ponder
Upon the use of the great ocean,
May the lions' roaring thunder
Aid me, rousing thy emotion.

27.

Is not the Union now on national highway, Flooding our dearest home? The same what Europe did in times away, When low tariff laid our interests low.

28.

Draining Eureka of her money,
Stagnating our manufactories' wake
Between two fires, do we know from heresay,
Choose to windward your escape.

29.

One item here, which is not there, One genius proving brighter; They will consume, and we shall bear The national debt much lighter.

30.

Similar to what the world would be, Without their tea, we readily surmise; So let us add to Chinese glee, What's useful here, will there surprise.

California wheat is destined To supersede Borneo rice; Hark sister States combined, Beware to raise the price.

32.

Mendocino, Teekalet, and Puget Sound, Alaska send their forest's spars, Paying well the voyage around, To the credit of American Tars.

33

The telegraph connect their hearts,
Steamboats, railroads, speed the friend;
Shall Confucius's shade depart,
And civilization rise, America has sent.

34.

Are not these facts incentives sure,

That genius is called upon

By steam for ever to alture,

Four hundred millions—and it's done.

35.

Towers highest our worth,

We comprehend the nation's duty;

To the Union give the sunlit oath

Of thy sincerest love, fidelity.

36.

The globe so large and odd of form,

Is like the heart, abode of love;

The one is hid from us beyond the bend of canopy and torn,

The other hides his inmate from above.

37.

Tolerance to love stands in position,
Of an hopeful death to life eternal;
It holds the panacopia in every man's condition,
Which God has filled to shower happiness on all.

To be tolerant, we commence in schools to know
True knowledge only cultivates the heart;
Not knowledge of the wisdom others show,
But thou shalt show upon thy own life's chart.

39.

Nor knowledge cither of mere theory:

The living Book of Life among the people practice,
Act in conformity with our institution's glory,
Live fraternally and you are wise.

40.

If thou viewest America from this sunny hight, Your heart all love, your head all light, Intolerance in you will wane at sight Of every myrmidon who bows to might.



## A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS, 1867.

INV 1595

# Hiram Potter's Wiston:

THE PHANTOM THAT VISITED HIM,

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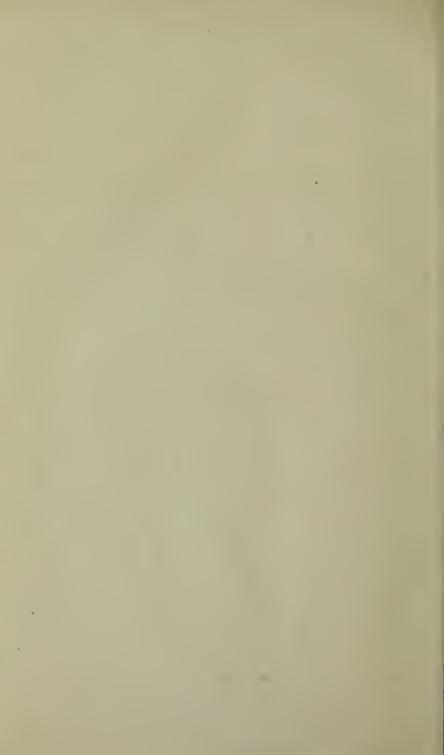
Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by

GEORGE F. PARSONS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of California.

#### PREFACE.

The following story was written for the Christmas number of the San Francisco DAILY TIMES. The time at my disposal for preparing it was very short, and I was enabled to do little more than throw together, loosely I feel, inartistically I fear, the results of many months' observation of the subjects treated on. The interests involved in the facts are of serious import to this community. They could scarcely be brought before the public in the usual editorial article form; but it was necessary that the public should have an opportunity of reflecting upon them. Whatever faults may be found with the story, are due to the author's lack of ability. Whatever statements are contained in it, arc, almost without exception, facts. I have been careful to draw my material mainly from records of circumstances, the occurrence of which has been previously narrated, either in the columns of the press of this city, or in official reports. In alluding especially to certain public institutions, I believe that I have been guilty of no exaggeration or wilful misrepresentation. The comments on the working of systems are deduced from careful, unbiased observation, and have the concurrence of many citizens whose intimate connection with educational matters entitles their opinions to some weight. My purpose throughout has been, not to east any slur upon the Public Schools, not to make any attack, covert or open, upon the State Educational System, but simply to impress upon parents the importance, the necessity, in fact, of home education and home influence. If I have succeeded in convincing one father or mother that it is their duty to watch as carefully over the growth of their children as they do without persuasion over the growth of their business; if I have succeeded in laying the foundation for the reclamation of one of the thousand little ones, who are now daily hastening to ruin through the neglect of their natural guardians; if I have succeeded in shaming one boy into renouncing the vicious and profligate style of conversation too common among the rising generation, I shall consider myself amply rewarded for any trouble that the effort has cost me. Much more than this I do not expect.



## HIRAM POTTER'S VISION:

THE PHANTOM THAT VISITED HIM, AND SCENES THAT WERE SHOWN HIM.

#### CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

IR, we have nothing to fear. There are upward of twenty thousand children in San Francisco, uine tenths of whom are receiving sound educations at our public and private schools. What more would you have?" Thus argued, in self-satisfied toues, Hiram G. Potter, once of Boston, Mass., now of San Francisco, in the State of California. Hiram G. Potter owed, as he delighted to acknowledge, all his educational a quirements to the beneficent system of Public Schools, which embodied, in his belief, all the blessings entailed by the Constitution of the United States, and without which, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" were but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

Of a truth, Mr. Potter's accomplishments would have done no discredit to any educational system. He was a type of the men who succeed in their undertakings. Very careful of appearance, very shrewd in business, very keen in politics, very energetic in everythiug-a man to make his mark upon the society in which he lived-a man to watch and seize every opportunity that presented itself-a man against whom the husy tougue of rumor could say nothing worse than that he was "smart," and who knew full well that rumor, spiteful though her intent might be, could afford him no better gratuitous advertisement than by bestowing upon him such a reputation. Hiram Potter (his friends dropped the G.) was respected on Front street, and upon 'Change, as a sharp, steady-going, upright business man. He never bought wildcat stock. He never undersold his brother merchants. He never was known to make sacrifices to banking institutions for discount. He was always on the safe side, and was generally regarded as "one of our shrewdest commercial men, sir, I give you my word."

He had married upon a comfortable competency, and his family, consisting of two boys and a girl, were growing up rapidly. Of course they were sent to the Public Schools, but, that accomplished, Mr. Potter was convinced that he had doue his whole duty by them.

"Sir," he would say to any one rash enough to disagree with him on this point, "our public school system is the pride and glory of the nation, and of the century. No other country can hold a candle to us in this respect, and when an American boy has goue through the admirable course marked out for him by a beneficent Government, it is nobody's fault but his own if he does not attain to the highest honors within the gift of the people."

Thus it happened that as Mr. Hiram Potter sat on this particular evening in his comfortable house on Bush street, sipping his wine after dinner, he was unable to brook the implied doubt expressed by his friend Klumpkins as to the omnipotence of public schools, and broke out with the statistical observation which forms the opening of this chapter.

"Twenty thousand children, and uearly all of them at school."

To Hiram Potter this was an unanswerable statement. For him it had the same meaning as though he had said, "Twenty thousand children, and the salvation of all of them secured." For what harm could happen to a child that had received a sound education in the public schools?

Klumpkins differed with him, though in an apologetic and deprecatory way. He was not a self-assertive man, but he had opinions of his own, and though you might talk him down and silence him, as people indeed often did, you could not force him easily from a position he had once taken.

The position taken by him now was, that the most important part of a child's education must be accomplished under its parents' roof; and that, without this parental tuition and discipline, you could do no more than teach the child to be smart, irrespective of morality. Klumpkins was foolish enough to think, and, what was more, to assert, that the schools could not inculcate morality; and that it was quite possible, even granting them all the credit they were entitled to, that they might turn out splendid intellects and yet ruined lives.

At this heresy Potter snorted indignantly. It was the unpardonable sin—the rankest blasphemy. He smote his fist upon the table, and said, "I tell yon, sir, you are mistaken. The generation that

is growing up around us is not only the best informed but the purest and most virtuous that the world has seen for ages; and when you and I are gone, our places will be filled by men we can never hope to equal in our lives."

He flushed with carnestness as he spoke, for in truth he believed every word of it.

Klumpkins shook his head and was silent. He saw that he could not convince his host, and he knew that his host could not convince him. So he drank his wine and went home.

Mr. Potter sat for some time after his departure, gazing absently into the fire—it was Christmas time, and the air was chilly—seeing visions of the future, according to his theory, in the glowing coals. But the words of Klumpkins had vexed him and disturbed his usual serevity. In spite of himself the observations of that contumacious party would return and ring in his ears, and when at last he arose and prepared to retire for the night, he discharged a "yah," expressive of deep disgust and derision, at an imaginary Klumpkins reasting in the red hot center of the grate.

## CHAPTER II.

VEN this venomous expletive failed to relieve the bosom of Hiram from the per ilous stuff that weighed upon it, and as he monnted the stairs that led to his bedroom, his choler mounted too. This was how it came ahout that he bauged the lamp down on the dressing-table so violently, and startled his wife from her shmbers, by exclaiming fiercely, "It's all bosh and fiddlesticks' ends."

"What's all bosh, my dear?" Mrs. II. P. very naturally inquired, yawning, and nestling cosily down among the pillows. To this question her trate lord only replied by muttering, "you and your morals. Yah!" and deigning no further explanation, turned out the light and climbed gloomily into hed.

Now, for a busband to come into the marital chamber at a late hour, to bang things about and wake his sponse, and then to cap the climax by saying "you and your morals, yah!" in an extremely injurious manner, is, to say the least of it, conduct demanding explanation, and as Mrs. Hiram considered berself directly implicated by the last mentioned remark, that explanation she was determined to have. This was, in one sense, a relief to Mr. Potter, for in the excitement attendaut upon the task of parrying an imminent curtain lecture, he forgot the cause of his irritation, and by the time he had succeeded in convincing his partner that he had intended to cast no reflection upon her spotless character, he had so far recovered his equanimity as to he in a condition to address himself to sleep comfortably. A striking proof, by the way, of the beneficial effects, not only physically but mentally, of counter irritation.

So he turned over on his pillow and closed his eyes. But whether the act of turning had roused him, or whether he had made a mistake, and really was not sleepy, certain it is that each moment he grew more wakeful. And hefore long he hegan to think. At first he woudered whether he was going to sleep, hut hy degrees he got back to the fire in the parlor, and Klumpkius, and that individual's heretical opinions, and once lauuched upon this subject again, it was all over with Hiram, so far as sleep was concerned. lu truth Klumpkins' remarks troubled him not a little, and seemed to him yet more annoying, lying here so quietly in the still night. He had grown to consider that the public schools embraced all that it was necessary for children to learn. He bad always been a busy man himself-and living, as he had done, and as most of his neighbors did, chiefly in his husiness, had devoted little time or thought to home affairs. His children had grown up to be tall boys and girls, almost imperceptibly to him. He had little leisure to attend to them, and his wife took upon herself all the trouble and responsibility of housekeeping. And now, after imagining for so long a time that everything was right, and that he had done all:hat could be expected or required of the father of a family, behold a Klumpkins appears, and makes him uncomfortable hy talking about the "necessity of home influences." Hiram turned uneasily as he thought it over, and felt more wakeful than ever. He houestly believed that Klumpkins, though a good enough fellow in the main, was an ass in this respect, but yet he could not help pondering his words. It was all sentimentality and mooushine, that was certain. What sort of nonsense had Klumpkins got into his head. "Home influences, indeed." The children were well enough. They were good children, and when they had completed their education would be orunments to society. Of course.

Now while Hiram Potter lay and thought thus, he kept his eyes mechanically upon a space in the darkness, at the foot of the bed. He never could tell at what time precisely the consciousness first dawned upon him, but he did presently become aware, not through anything to be seen or heard, but by some occult and suhtle influence, first, that another being had entered the room: and, second, that the new tenant was something more than mortal. Strangely enough, he felt no fear, having made this discovery, but began to experience a peculiar and not unpleasant sensation of being subjected to some will so much stronger than his own, that resistance was out of the question. So he lay quite still and watched and waited.

By degrees it seemed to him that the darkness was concentrating into a focus of deeper shade, under his eye, at the foot of the bed. A thin, shattered ray of moonlight filtered through the contained window, and fell slanting across the room, between the bed foot and the further wa!!. It was so very thin and small that it served no pnr

pose of illumination, hut Hiram fancied, as he watched, that opposite to him this feehle ray was obstructed slightly hy an nudefined and indefinable Something that lurked in the deep shadow close by.

Watching this Something earnestly, and without fear, he observed that it was gradually assuming the aspect of a human shadow—for shape it could not he called. Yet, even while it appeared ahout to fix its outlines, they melted away again, and the dark mistalone hovered where the form had seemed to he.

Still watching and waiting, Hiram was aware of a voice. Whether the words were spoken he could not he sure; they seemed rather to be borne in upon him, though every syllahle was clear and distinct, as the phantom was shadowy and uncertain.

These are the words that were so borne in upon him as he lay:

"I am the Spirit of the Future. Dim and indistinct as yon see me, changeful and formless. With you, the representative of the Present, rests the responsibility of defining my shape. With you, as the representative of the Present, rests the responsibility of determining my career. As you shall decide, wisely, or unwisely, so must my existence he. Light or dark, gigantic or puny, powerful or weak, good or evil. I am not permitted to reveal that which shall be, hut what may be it is in my power to show. Man who believes in the omnipotence of one instrument: man who hoasts vaingloriously and ignorantly, come and see! In the persons of your own dear ones, in the careers of those you love hest, in the result of your most cherished theories, look and learn!"

As the voice died away, the dark, hovering mist whence it had proceeded, appeared to the silent spectator to he touched hy the straggling moonbeam, and to catch from it an unearthly light. For suddenly a soft, pale radiance, flickering, faint and changeful as its own outlines, illumined the Phantom, and thenceforth continued to glow, fitfully. As he gazed, the spirit stretched forth the shadowy semblance of an arm toward him. For one moment he experienced a wrenching pang, as of sudden dissolution, and then his whole being seemed to expand, and without an effort, guided by an overmastering influence, he floated away on the calm night, apparently unencumbered by any corporeal obstructions.

#### CHAPTER III.

AT SCHOOL.

EING a practical man, Hiram Potter did not remain silent long, strange though his position was. He was at first pnzzled hy the difficulty of making ont what his companion was like. The Phantom, as they floated together through the air, continued to change and grow, and dwindle, in a highly perplexing manner. At one moment he seemed about to resolve into the shape of a little child, with pretty, innocent

features, but even as Hiram gazed, this aspect faded, and in its place appeared a prematurely old and haggard face, this again vanishing to he supplied by a wild and savage head, frowning and ferocious. After attempting in vain to determine what age or fashion of being the spirit would finally assume, he plucked up courage to address him, and asked where they were going.

"I am going," said the Phantom, "to show you the public schools!"

Hiram hrightened up at once.

"I hope you have nothing to say against them?" he said eagerly.

"We shall see," replied the spirit, sententiously. But Hiram had mounted his hohhy, and would not get down.

"At the present time," said he, delighted to have the opportunity of expatiating on his favorite theme, "there are thirty-six public schools in San Francisco. These are supplied by two hundred and fifty teachers, and the total average daily atendance is upward of ten thousand. 'The general condition of them,' I quote from the last annual report of the Superintendent, 'is such as should give great satisfaction to their patrons, and to those who lahor in and for them, as well as those who are taxed for their support. It may he safely asserted, that at no period in the history of our city have the public schools exhibited a higher degree of efficiency, or enjoyed more popular favor and confidence—""

"Stop!" said the Phantom, ahruptly, "I am not here to quarrel with your system, or to pick flaws in it. I am here to show-you what your children may he hereafter. Come and see."

And this is what they saw: Hnndreds of earnest, zealous men and women, working late and early in an educational tread-mill-doing their duty thoroughly and well, according to their lights, and the demands of the system they taught. Not over well paid, not over liherally considered, not very certain of their not very enviable positions, hut cheerful, hopeful, brave and conscientions. Thousands of children acquiring the hasis of a fair, though not a thoroughly practical education. But everywhere they saw that teachers and children were mexorably hound down by the prescribed rules of the text hook-that if the text book said there were only nine signs in the Zodiac, it would be considered flat heresy in teacher and pupil to imagine that there were twelve; that much valuable time was wasted in preparing the pupils for showy exhibitions; that as there was no limit to the amhition of the teachers, so there was no limit to the emulation among the children; that the former, in their anxiety to see their schools ahead at the close of the term, urged the pupils to exert themselves to their utmost, too often forgetting that they were hut children; that the best of the scholars were thus often overworked; that they were not seldom compelled to retire from the course, exhausted; and that they sometimes never returned.

Hiram Potter, bowever, would recognize few of these evils. He exulted in the spectacle of this general diffusion of knowledge. He pointed triumpbantly to the bright, intelligent faces of the children, and triumphed in their perseverance and application. As they left the schools he turned to the Phantom, with a mute, inquiring look.

The spirit replied to it as if he had spoken. "There is loope and promise here," he said, "and there is room for improvement. Your helief in the benificent influence of the Public Schools is in a measure justified. Your teachers do their duty. Let us see bow you do yours."

#### CHAPTER IV.

AFTER SCHOOL.

CHOOL was over for the day, and the thousands of children who had been receiving the basis of a sound education were at play in the streets.

"Let us see how they amuse themselves," said the Phantom.

They paused near a group of hoys, who were frolicking on a vacant lot at a street corner. Amongst them Hiram recognized bis eldest boy, Robert. He pointed bim out to the Spirit with a glow of fatherly pride.

"Come nearer," said the latter, "and let us bear them talk."

When they left the schools, Hiram noticed that bis companion seemed to he gradually assuming the form of a handsome boy, with intelligent features, and his outlines were hecoming more and more defined. As they drew near the children, Potter started, and looking at the spirit, saw that he was fading again; for the first intelligible sound that greeted their ears was an oath, and it issued from the lips of a child eight years old.

"That is no pupil of the public schools," cried be, hastily.

"Listen!" answered the Phantom.

The children were young, and their dress indicated that their parents were, for the most part, in comfortable circumstances. But their language was the language of profligate adults. Curses, horrible enough to listen to from the lips of wicked manhood, but doubly revolting here, poured from soft mouths whose infantile lisps had scarcely ceased; oaths, in which the Creater's name was bandied to and fro, a mere peg to harg profanity upon; obscene phrases, the meaning of which it was almost incredible that they should understand, garnished every sentence, and resounded from end to end and side to side of the extemporized playground.

Young Rohert Potter, ignorant of his father's presence, came close to where he was standing, and ponred out a volley of curses upon au offending comrade. Mortifled, shocked and troubled hy what even the evidence of his own ears scarce persnaded him to believe, Hiram turned dumbly to

his companion. The Phantom had faded and shrunk since be had looked upon him, and the light of bis presence was dim and misty.

"Come," he said, sadly; "we are but on the threshhold as yet."

Hiram was silent for some time, and then said, though with less than his usual confidence, "The teachers ought to prevent this. It must be seen to. It surely arises from carelessness on their part."

The Phautom answered not a word.

#### CHAPTER V.

VICIOUS AMUSEMENTS.

T was evening, and the city was brightly illuminated, when the Phantom and Hiram glided silently through the throngs that filled the streets, and made their way towards Portsmooth Square.

The block on Kearny street, south of the City Hall, seemed at this time to be the centre of attraction. The narrow sidewark was quite insufficient to contain the crowd that pressed slowly along, coming from north and south. The ears of the passers by were half-stunned by the stentorian shouts of five or six Cheap Johus, who, decked out in gandy and absurd costumes, stood high above the counters in a glare of gaslight, and with loud, discordant voice sought to compel customers to purchase the wares they put forward with exaggerated landation. Around each of these stores a crowd bad gathered, but these crowds seemed for the most part to he composed of persons drawn thither rather by curiosity than by any purpose of haying. Rough miners, lately arrived from the interior, simple looking countrymen, laborers out of work, pale young clerks, formed the staple of these gatherings; and they lounged listlessly against the door posts, pipe in mouth and hands in pockets, listening with a grave and solemu aspect to the wretched jokes of the hourse sellers within.

Between the Cbeap Johns' stores was a doorway, and outside this doorway, on either hand, were displayed large colored wood cuts, supposed to represent scenes and characters in the plays anounced for the evening. On the balcony ahove, the noisiest instruments of a hrass oand were heing tried to their utmost capacity, and the blasts of the tromhone, mingling with the hanging of the hig drum, and the shricks of the Cheap Johns below, formed a combination of discords sufficient to affect the strongest nerves.

Into the doorway aforesaid a large stream of people were pooring, and quietly mingling with the crowd, the Phantom and Hiram passed up a flight of stairs, and found themselves in a theater. Situated in the upper story of a building, the lower floor of which was occupied by stores, it naturally followed that there was no room to spare, and that the usual distinctions of pit, dress eircle and gallery, had to be dispensed with. The auditorum in fact was nearly on a level, a gentle slope being

given to the floor at the back part of the apartment to enable those who sat there to see over the heads of the spectators in front.

That no inconvenience might be felt by the patrons of the theater, the proprietors, with much thoughtfulness, had placed a bar at the back of the auditorium, and a select corps of waiters were in attendance, to fulfil the orders which they solicited by passing round amongst the audience. There was generally a free and easy air about the place, an absence of restraint of any kind, which showed that it was not a resort for modest women. On either side of the auditorium, however, there were a number of little boxes, each fitted with voluminous curtains, suggesting the occasional presence of at least some females.

The audience was composed, as far as could be discerned, entirely of males. To say entirely of men would convey a false impression, for a considerable portion of the spectators were boys. Boys from sixteen years all upward. Raddy, handsome, bright looking, well dressed lads; dirty, nuwholesome, thin, seedy, and shabby lads. Boys who looked half ashamed of themselves for being there, and boys who looked as if they did not know what it was to feel ashamed of anything. But all eagerly waiting for the rising of the curtain, and all evidently anticipating a joyous evening.

Presently the curtain ruse and the performance began. It commenced with a series of what in professional parlance is called "Ethiopian business." Something like a dozen girls and men were discovered scated in chairs upon the stage, facing the audience in a semi-circle. The faces of the mcu were blackened-and the characters of the women. The latter were for the must part faded aud haggard, exhibiting unmistakable marks of dissipation, and betraying in every look and gesture that reckless, depraved indifference to public opin ion which marks the final stages of female degradation. The programme consisted of songs, sung alternately by the women, and chorusses, sung altogether by the party. During the pauses the men at either end of the semicircle exchanged jokes, most of which were of the ancient Ethiopian, or miraculously stupid order, and any novelties in which were due to the introduction of very broad, coarse doubles entendres. At these latter the audience made a point of roaring vociferously, and by this means it was always easy to ascertain when anything verging on obscenity had been uttered, even though the spectator had not been attending to the dialogue. This part of the performance was terminated by a dreary and ridiculous prance, called a "break down," which was joined in by all the company, to the accompaniment of some senseless jargou in the form of a hideous chant. The break-down also mightily pleased the spectators. The curtain now fell, to afford time for the placing of the play which formed the principal feature of the entertainment. During the interval

which then ensued, the waiters passed busily round among the andience, taking orders, and bringing drinks and eigars. The juveniles present were not backward at this time, and emulated their seniors zcalously. The private boxes began to fill now, and, occasionally, when the curtains were withdrawn for a moment, several of the girls who had before appeared on the stage, might have been recognized, laughing, talking loudly to their male admirers, drinking, and now and then smoking.

The curtain rose again for the play. As a dramatic production this composition was worthless, but it suited the requirements of the place and the tastes of the audience admirably. It was in point of fact nothing more than a thin sketchy outline, framed for the express purpose of introducing scenes which were more than questionable in their decency, and supporting a dialogue which was only one degree removed from actual obscenity. To put as many haifclothed women as possible, on the stage; to divest them as utterly as well could be, of any lingering remnants of modesty; to place in their mouths words which should tickle the prurient fancies of he spectators, and make them shout with laughter; to represent, as closely as was compatible with an evasion of the law prohibiting obscene exhibitions, scenes which did more than suggest immorality and indecency; such seemed to be the objects aimed at by the author who wrote the piece, and the manager who produced it. To say that it was well recieved would be to say nothing; to say that it pleased the audience would be to say nothing; to say that it elicited shouts and screams of enthusiasm from all parts of the house; that the spectaturs laughed, at the lewder parts, until the tears ran down their cheeks; and that it was a most complete, unequivocal, and decided success, is only to say the simple truth.

The theatre was crowded on this particular evening. It was always crowded; and was believed to be, according to its dimensions, the most profitable house in San Francisco. The managers were enterprising, and never suffered their patrons to pine for novelty. So soon as this piece began to pall upon their fancy, another, equally racy, equally dirty, equally shameless, would be provided. So soon as the girl who, because of her eyes, or her complexion, or her bust, or her skill in dancing jigs, or her peculiar piquant flippancy, began to get faded or worn, another "star" of the same class, with other attractions of the same kind, would be procured, regardless of expense.

And fifty two times a year the Houorable Board of Supervisors held solemu session a stone's throw from where the big drum and the trombone were inviting the public to walk np and be demoralized. And honorable members got upon their legs, and indignantly called attention to such and such a pool of mud that lay as a trap for unwary passengers at the coruer of Blauk street; while this gi-

gantic pool of viler filth reeked and stank under their noses, and nightly entrapped, ah, who can tell how many nawary passengers? No more prolific source of depravity than this in the wide city of San Francisco. No more deadly poison manufactured at the Pacific Chemical Works than was distributed nightly here. No more shameful commentary on the morals of the community than the fact that such a place could advertise itself, and thrive and flourish, under the very shadow of the Hall of Justice-unless it be the other shameful fact that a den still worse in some respects, advertised itself, and thrived and flourished, under the shadow of the opposite walls of the same building.

Thus hemmed in, the konorable Board of Educa tion meets twice a month; thus hemmed in, the Chief of Police strives to repress crime; thus hemmed in, the Police Judge sits, weary day after day, and hears, convicts, and sentences; thus hemmed in, the Mayor, and the Health Officer, and the Judges of the District Courts, toil and laoor, buried to their arm pits in the work that accumulates too rapidly for their power of dispatch, and each and all wonder how it is that crime and vice keep pace so well with advancing civilization.

The curtain fell at last, and the crowd, finshed with the heat and the drinks they had taken, and the sights they had seen, ponred out into the cool night air. The boys who had been present walked away in groups, noisily discussing, with ribald interjections, the merits of the play and of the actresses.

As one of these groups passed by the corner where the Phantom and Hiram stood, the latter caught a glimpse of a boy's face, and knew it for his eldest sou's.

He would have rushed after him, but the Spirit's voice recalled him to a remembrance of his condition.

"Come," said the Phantom, "our work is scarcely begun."

#### CHAPTER VI.

#### WHARF RATS.

UNDAY afternoon on the City Frontiness is suspended. The heavy laden drays cease thundering through the streets for twenty-four hours. The quick throb of the steam engines used for unloading vessels is not heard. The creaking of yards being hanled round. the hoarse cries of sailors and stevedores, the din and rattle and excitement of the week, are all hushed. Calm and quiet the great ships lie, their crews, in motley garments, leaning over the rails, smoking or talking to friends on shore; or, in their best, slowly perambulating the dingy streets along the water front. Half the crazy, dark, noisome hutches dignified by the title of stores in this neighborhood, are closed. The other half, being drinking saloons, are of course open, and well

filled with liberty-men, boarding house rnnners, loafers and rowdies. One special feature of activity is observable, not seen on other days. On every wharf, at every corner, in every by-alley and narrow court, groups of boys are to be seen, either talking, quarreling, walking or lounging about. Turough this quarter Hiram and his ghostly companion invisibly passed, and having singled out one group of these boys, stopped, and earnestly observed their proceedings, the more anxiously, on the part of one of them, for that Henry Potter, Hiram's youngest son, was among them. The boys were not so well dressed as those they had previously seen. They were prematurely wan and sharp faced, their mouths were drawn and hard set, and there was a strauge repulsive cunning iu their eyes, as in the eyes of predacions animals. Stealthily whispering they crept upon a wharf, and secreting themselves behind a tier of grain sacks. began to cut holes in the lower ones, and let the wheat run out. Little Henry was not backward in this strange sport, nor did he shrink when one of his companions gave him a sack to hold under the running grain.

"What is this?" asked Hiram in agitation as he waved his unsubstantial arms in a fruitless effort to reach his son.

"The law calls it theft," the Phantom answered

"My son a thief," ejaculated the father.

"Nay, he is but beginning," was the Spirit's calm reply. They watched and waited till the sun sank and the stars came out. They saw bands of boys, averaging in age from seven to seventeen, prowl along the wharves at night, robbing and pilfering right and left. They heard bands of boys plauning burglaries, boldly and coolly as old convicts, and they saw them carry out their plans. They saw boys steal in broad daylight articles exposed for sale in street stalls; and they saw that many of these boys-among whom was Potter's son-belonged to the public schools. They saw bands of boys enter empty houses at night time, and bring thereto such provisions as they had stolen, or had purchased with the money obtained by selling stolen property, and hold revels there that might have shamed older criminals. They heard and saw such profanity, such depravity, scenes so shocking, sounds so revolting, that when at length the Spirit turned to leave, bearing away the crestfallen, silent Hiram, his luminous form had dwindled to a mere flambean, and his outlines were those of a haggard and decrepit old man.

"These children are probably many of them or phans," suggested the mortal, after a panse.

"Nine tenths of them have fathers and mothers living in San Francisco," answered the Spirit. "But what of that? Do not they attend the public schools?"

For the first time Hiram suffered an allusion to the schools to pass nunoticed. He remained silent.

"You have seen," presently said the Spirit, in a grave tone, "one phase of youthful life. You shall now see the parents of some of these boys.

"Lead on," was all he said. He had seen his last-boru child consorting with thieves, and a thief himself. He was heginning to understand the meaning of the Phantom's words: "In the persons of your own dear ones, in the careers of those you love best, in the result of your most oherished theories, look and learn!"

#### CHAPTER VII.

A STREET.

T was verging toward evening when the Ghost and his companion paused in the southern part of the city, and standing in one of the main arteries of traffic, looked down a narrow street that ran at right angles to it. A narrow, a poor, and a dirty street, from end to end. A street the middle of which required paving as much as the sidewalks required planking; a street of hadly huilt, narrow, unaccommodating, close-smelling, fever-breeding, one-story wooden honses, thickly inhabited. A street where the denizens of the dirty, uncomfortable tenements were in the hahit of transacting much of their husiness out of doors, and where it was perfectly natural, and not in the least surprising, to see women sitting on the edge of the sidewalk with their feet in the road, cleaning saucepans or peeling potatoes for dinner; and where the mothers of families oftener than not chose to combine the pursuit of knowledge with the duties of the toilet, hy "fixing up" their hair in an al fresco way, at the front door. A street where all the doors stood always open; where countless habies rolled and sprawled, staggering dirty from their mother's arms, and rolling back still dirtier. A street with a grocery and whisky shop at each of its four corners, and a grocery and whisky shop on each side midway hetween the two ends. A street where, at all hours of the day slatternly females, with their heads enveloped in ragged shawls and large jugs and hottles in their hands, might be seen hastening to or from the aforesaid groceries, to fetch supplies of heer or whisky. Where everyhody was dirty, and angry, and shrill, and squalid. But for all that a street which harbored a very fair number of free and independent voters. As the day declined, the male portion of the inhabitants began to return from their work, and consequently the bustle of domestic life increased. More shrill, thin, be-shawled and he-draggled females hurried with more jugs and hottles after more beer and whisky. The heavy bass of male expletives mingled with shrill feminine ohjurgations. Odors of frying onions and hurning grease were wafted through the open doorways, betokening the approach of supper. The rolling, tumbling children,

who had been grovelling in the road all'day, were called in, and cuffed to the table, whence they speedily rolled out, to he again called shrilly ln, and cuffed to bed. The male portion of the inhahitants, gruff and grim of aspect, nnkempt in hahit, and not overdoue with soap, having swallowed surlily their evening meal, either strolled out to the special grocery which they affected, or sent their wives or danghters for such fluid supplies as might enable them to pass the evening moistly. Not a few of them gathered in groups outside their doors, or at the street corner, and proceeded to discuss national or local politics with much unction aud a good deal of unnecessary energy. There was scarcely one among them, who did not deem himself fit to sit in the legislature of his country; there were many among them who looked forward to the time when they should so legislate; there were few indeed among them who had proved their capacity for any office hy rightly governing their own households.

Flitting to and fro, Hiram and the Ghost noted all that we have described, and more. They saw that the most hlatant and loud-tongued politicians, the staunchest frequenters of the four corner groceries, the most eager disputants, the hungriest seekers after office, the fiercest denouncers of their political opponents, were the men who left their families unprovided with the necessaries of life; who drove their over-worked wives to drink; who suffered their children to wander at will in the streets, untaught and uncared for; who were, in short, the first to recognize and demand the rights which the Republic hestows upon its citizens, and the last to fulfill the duties which the citizen owes to the Republic.

"Are these the parents of the children we have seen?" asked Hiram, at length.

"These," said the Phantom, "are the fathers of some of them. These are the men who hreed np the weeds of society. In yonder street, so full but now of tiny, toddling infants, are homes in which lads, destined to bring trouble upon this community, first saw the light. Among those squalid children there are few that will not, so soon as they can walk, join their hrethreu on the wharves. Their homes are desolate. Their fathers beat them when they are drunk, and swear at them when soher; their mothers, too often, heat them and swear at them indifferently, drunk or sober. Among them are to be found the children who do not attend the Public Schools; but all the evil they learn on the public streets they communicate to their play. mates."

"And the other children—the hetter nurthred, who consort with them?" inquired Hiram, mistrustfully. "Are there no means of preventing contagion? Are there no means of rescuing these little ones?"

The Phantom returned no answer.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

A CELLAR.



HE bells were ringing for evening service in the churches, as the invisible pair turued their faces northward again.

Beyond the City Hall, in a northerly direction, Pacific street, and the Barhary Coast generally, were not rampant this evening. The exertion of celebrating Saturday night had tamed down the expherant vitality of its inhabitants, and hesides. business was somewhat dull. The saloons were all going, however, though not under a full head of steam. The principal frequenters of the Barhary Coast on Sunday night are sailors on shore for liherty, and to them the syrens hanuting the thousand and one deadfalls address themselves. It is a re-Iaxation to these astute females to swiudle and plunder Jack, for he is such easy game. And yet there is a spice of danger in the sport, too, for the fiery liquor sold under the sheltering name of whisky-a cloak which covers a multitude of sinssometimes has a very strange effect on Jack. It makes him mad for the time being-stark, raving mad; and when thus overcome, he no longer distinguishes between friend and foe, but pitches into mankind generally, venting his blind wrath upon everything (in his own vernacular) an inch high or a minute old. At such times he will furiously assault the girls who have been sitting on his lap and picking his pockets amiably, during the evening. He will fly at the hottles and glasses much as a mad bull makes at a red rag, and will smash everything smashable, until officers A, B and C are fetched, and bear him away, exhansted, limp, but defiant and truculent, to the station honse.

As they passed slowly up the street, they could see, through the open doors (or for the matter of that, through the wails, for matter opposed no obstacle to their vision), in a dozen different places, divers and sundry gaudy girls operating upon Jack. In the dance cellars beneath the level of the street, pianos of fearful tone were going languidly, and excruciating fiddles were animating solemn nautical jig-dancers here and there.

But wherever a cellar was crowded, and a more thau ordinary puff of rank music, hot air, fetor, and had language, floated up the narrow stairs. there they sarely found a group of hoys, hanging greedily over, peering into the depths below, straining their precocions faculties to catch whatever was said, and repeating among themselves, with horrible gusto, every scrap of wickedness that found its way to where they stood. In truth, judging from the phrases ordinarily used by these lads, there was little dauger of their becoming corrupted by these evil communications, for their vocabularies, so far as had language was concerned. seemed very full and very well learned. Their large, eager, hollow eyes gleamed with none of childhood's mirth. Their thin lips recalled no memory of innocent infancy. Their manners were

the mauners of that most fearful and alarming growth of modern days, the neglected city child.

Hiram would have stayed longer to look st and wonder over them, hut the Phantom pressed him on. At length they stopped hefore a cellar, from which issued more noise and merriment than they had up to this time encountered. The Phantom motioned to his companion, and they descended. As they passed round the faded red curtain which hung over the doorway at the hottom of the stairs, they came upon a scene so strange that Hiram would have ruhbed his eyes had he not left the corporeal substance of them in hed at Bush street with his other fleshly incumbrances. A long lowpitched room lsy hefore him. This room contained two or three hilliard tables in the centre. and perhaps a dozen small drinking tables were arrayed round the sides of the apartment. The hilliard table was occupied by eager players, and every side table had its noisy group, gambling, drinking and talking. There would perhaps have heen nothing strange in all this, for similar things were being done all over the neighborhood, at that honr. There would have been uothing singular in it, but for this fact, that the eager billiard player, the noisy gambler, the drinkers, the talkers, the laughers, the swearers, were all and every one boys. From the sharp fellow who had just made so good a score at pool, down to the angry loser at euchre, hoys-from the oue who had just ordered three " hrandy-cocktails and a gin-punch," for his party, down to the one who lay, with flushed face suoriug iu a corner, hoys; and not among the quietest, or the least vulgar or foul-mouthed of the company present, Hiram recognized his own sous, Henry and Robert. Playing billiards, with accompaniment of oaths, playing euchre and poker, and seveu-up and cribbage, and half a dozen other games, with accompaniment of oaths; drinking brandy and whisky aud gin aud beer, with accompaniment of oaths; falling out among themselves and making up their quarrels, with accompaniment of oaths: telling obscene and filthy stories, with accompaniments of oaths; doing these things twenty boys, the youngest not ten, the eldest not seventeen, sat that Souday night, in an underground cellar ou the Barhary

Hiram turned indignantly to the Phantom, whose light, since they entered the cellar, had hurned very dim and low.

"This is infamous," he said, "I could not have helieved it to be possible that any wretch existed, so utterly depraved as to encourage these foolish children in their wickedness. The man who keeps this place ought to he indicted by the Grand Jury. He deserves to he sent to the State prison. He is —"

"Stop," interrupted the Phantom, "and think. These hoys have parents, most of whom are well to do. These are not the victims of circumstances in any way. You see that they have money to spend. You see that they have good clothes to wear. You see that they hear the marks of being

ontwardly well cared for. Two of them, at least, you can vouch for in these respects. Who is to blame for their presence here to-night?"

Hiram was silent. The favorite theorics of his life seemed melting away before him, but he could not yet bring himself to renounce them altogether. And while he pondered there was a sudden confusion and outcry, and a body of police burst into the cellar, hauling off the boys to prison.

"The Law, at least, does its duty," the phantom said. But Hiram maintained a perplexed silence.

### CHAPTER IX.

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

HE next flight of the Phantom and his companion was a long one. Leaving on the noise and bustle and smoke and Confusion of the great city behind them, they sped smoothly away over the sand-hills into the country. Following the line of the San José Railroad, they passed barren tracts, showing no vegetation but in far-separated patches of dusty green, that looked as if it was ashamed of itself for being so dirty. They passed fenced fields, laid out in orderly rows, on the ridges of which the potato plant reared itself healthily. They passed fenced lots, marked by staring boards, announcing that the property belonged to some Homestead Association, but looking, in its forlorn and neglected aspect, as if it was cut out by nature for nothing more chcerful than a cemetery. They passed roadside houses, embowered in little groves of scrubby trees, that gave something of a landscape character to the scene, and must have done much to deter the residents from self-destruction. They passed sandy, marshy wastes, half inundated by the sea, that crept up long dykes cut across and across the level, as if to secure old ocean a hold on property which he might at any moment make up his mind to reclaim. They plunged deeper into the country, and finally they stopped in front of a large building, a cross between a workhouse and a prison, which stood on a hillside, and looked drearily out upon the depressing landscape. Though it was well bnilt, in modern style, with plenty of windows and no high stone walls surrounding it, it would have been impossible for any one to have mistaken it for anything else than what it was-a public institution: the Industrial School. The place where boys are sent to be reclaimed, when their parents and friends have given them up as irreclaimable; or when they have gone to the bad through the absence of parents and friends; or when, having either, neither or both, they have manifested a persistent desire to steal; the place which was instituted as a half-way house for juvenile offenders between the Police Court and the State Prison: the idea of benevolent persons, who wished to save boys from the contamination unavoidable from associations with adult criminals.

The Phantom and Hiram entered, without the formality of an introduction. It has often been said that to see a public institution of this kind, as it is, the visitor must take it by surprise. They had this advantage, at least. They went through the wards, and through the schoolrooms, and through the workshop, and over the farm, and into the cells; and this is what they saw:

They saw nearly two hundred children, varying in agc between six and seventeen, and of whom nine tenths were boys. They saw that when these children entered the school they were, as a rule. desperately abandoned. That they had picked up, on the streets and elsewhere, as much evil in their narrow span of life as a sharp convict might know at thirty. That one of the most hopeless features noticeable among the new comers was their utter want of reverence for anything or anybody. That they could with great difficulty be brought to understand that they were not the equals in all respects of the world in general. That they considered it a derogation from the dignity of freedom's sons to speak or act politely, or even civilly, to any one. That their depravity was frightful, and that even in boys of twelve and fourteen years of age, it was evidently no sndden growth. They learned that out of a hundred boys who had heen committed to the school in one year, seventy per cent. were sent there for leading an idle and dissolute life, fourteen per cent, for thieving, two for burgiary, and two for grand larceny. That twenty-five of them had lost their fathers, seven their mothers, and sixteen both parents; but that fortyone of them had fathers and mothers living, though in thirteen cases the parents were separated. Two of the children had been deserted by their fathers, three by both parents, and seven appeared to owe their downfall to the misfortune of having stepfathers. They saw that in spite of the efforts of those who had charge of the children, much evil must and did accrue, through the indiscriminate interconrse of the older lads with the younger ones. That these older lads were invariably more hardened, and that some few of them would have been more fitly disposed of by being sentenced to San Quentin, where, unless a miracle saved them, they would surely go in the long run.

They saw that while some few lads did really benefit by the treatment, the majority acted as convicts act in pet penitentiaries, and seeing their interest in hypocrisy and dissimulation, became hypocrites and dissimulators forthwith. They saw that active work, and plenty of it, must be the mainstay of the system, but they saw also that it could not answer to divide boys into two classes merely, and allow them to be farmers, shoemakers, or nothing.

But Hiram and his companion saw more than this. They saw Hiram's eldest boy at work in the field, with a sullen brow and an evil eye, and as he turned his face toward the spot where his father was watching him, himself anseen, there was so much pregnant meaning in the scowling glance that the parent sbuddered, and, moaning, wrung his shadowy hands.

As they floated away, the Phautom spoke:

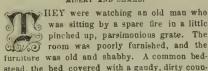
"You have seen the seed and the sapling. Prepare now to view the tree."

And Hiram held out his arms in expostulation, for he was very weary and sick at heart.

But the spirit held on his in xorable course, and the mortal followed him again.

#### CHAPTER X.

MISERY AND SHAME.



room was poorly turnished, and the furniture was old and shabby. A common bedstead, the bed covered with a gaudy, dirty couterpane; a shining, varnished deal bureau, surmounted by a looking glass that possessed the peculiarity of presenting every face it reflected broader than it was high; a crazy rocking chair, in which the old man was sitting, and a shilly looking marble-topped center-table, the appearance of which was sufficient to counteract the good effect of any amount of fire that could have been cranned into the grate.

The man that sat in the rocking-chair was greybaired and feeble, but it was not age that bad bowed his form and wrinkled his brow, and planted the crow's feet under his eyes, the stoop in his shoulders, the tremor in his gait, and the quaver in bis voice.

"Look upon that man," said the Phantom.

And Hiram looked upon the thin face that was turned at that moment toward them.

"It is not-" he commenced, but the Spirit interrupted him.

"It is-yourself-in the years to come. Listen and look."

The old man rocked himself fretfully and gazed at the fire, moaning and muttering. He might have been, in his prime, a very hale and hearty man; even as hale and hearty as the form Hiram had left lying on his bed. But time and trouble bad done their work, and it was but a shattered wreck, scarce strong enough to hold together, that they gazed upon.

As he rocked to and fro he fell into a soliloquy, which he uttered in a kind of querulous chant, keeping creaking time with the rockers of his chair. "One, two, three, four years since Anule died and left me all alone. Four years! and what a deal to bappen in them, too! Henry gone and Robert gone. No! they ain't gone; but they've left me, and its all the same. And then little Amy grows up, and goes out sewing. And all the things sold off—pictures, and plate, and buggy, and house, and all. Dear, dear! The old business too; the old business. And those boys turned out so bad. Who'd have thought it."

He was wandering on in this purposeless, listless way, when the door opened, and a man appeared on the threshold-a tall, well-built young man, with long dark hair, and black eyes and beard; but by no means a prepossessing or a good-looking young man. For from the saucy cock in his slouched felt hat to the lowest nail in his inordinately high heeled boots; from the flaring paste brooch that glittered in his elaborately frilled shirt bosom, to the bottoms of his rakishly cut and loud patterned pants; from the great clamsy California gold ring on his forchinger to the huge pinchbeck chain that dangled over his plaid velvet vest; from the cigar between his mustached lips to the long skirts of hls black frock coat; from top to toe, in short in every article of costume about him, there was written unmistakably, "sport" and "rowdy."

Meeting him on the street you could never have mistaken him for anything else. Though he never opened bis lips, or lifted a finger, his character was told so plainly by fish dress that no inquiries were necessary. The class known, you bad the type before you.

But when he rolled, with the peculiar rowdy swagger, into the room, and taking up a chair, slammed it down between his legs, and thus scated himself, resting his arms over the back, the picture was complete.

At the noise he made the old man started, and turned round.

"Yon here again, Robert?" he said, with querulous impatience, shifting his rocking chair so as to face his son.

"Yas! Here again, old man!" was the reply, as the speaker measured the distance with his eye, and then spat adroitly into the very center of the fire.

"Well, and what do you want now?" fretfully inquired old Potter.

"Same old thing, dad. Bad luck again last night. Want to make a raise."

"It's no use your coming here for money, Bob, you ought to know that. You've sold me out of house and home, and left scarcely enough to bury me decently."

Something in this last remark seemed to strike Bob. He looked hard at his father a moment, and then said:

"You don't mean to say you've been saving for your funeral, you unnatural old man? And me at my wit's end for a stake! D'ye want to see me over the bay for a robbery, and you knowing all the time that the Benevolents are bound to put you under the ground in proper sbape. Give me the cash, I say!"

As he said these last words he rose from his chair, and clutched his father flercely by the arm. The old man struggled with him, and cried out in a whimpering tone:

"Bob, dear Bob! You wouldn't rob your old father! Come, I know you're only joking. Bu

yon hurt my arm. You don't mean it. Say you don't mean it. Bob!

"Don't mean it! You'd better believe I mean it," was the fierce and scarnful reply of the young ruffian. "Come, fork over the money, and let's have no more fooling."

As he spoke he twisted the old man's arm nntil he nttered a cry of pain. He might have gone farther, for in his wicked disposition there was no touch of tenderness or mercy; but that he was interrupted at this moment hy the appearance of a third person in the little room.

A young girl, whom Robert's father gladly hailed as Amy, and at whom Robert himself looked with anything but an expression of brotherly love. But he sat down, sullenly. A young girl, of apparently eighteen summers. A pretty girl, with her father's dark eyes, and her mother's clear, red and white complexion. A girl who would have looked like a lady, but for a something which it was difficult to define, in her appearance. It was not her dress; that was rich, certainly; much more costly than it might have been supposed a sewing girl could afford to wear; but it was well chosen, well made, well put on, and well carried. It was not her gait; that was easy and graceful. It was not her manner; that was quiet and self-possessed. Take her piecemeal, and you could detect no flaw in the materials. Take her as a whole, and, in spite of yourself, you would be forced to acknowledge that there was something wrong, even though you could not put your finger upon it, and say confidently "the fault is there."

Advancing quictly into the room, she imprinted a cold kiss upon her father's withered cheek, and then seating herself, inquired, "What all the fuss was about."

"Robert wanted to take my burial money, Amy," quavered the old man.

"Yes, I did," put in Bob, defiantly, "and I'd like to know what you've got to say to it, Miss Any."

"I've got this to say, Bob," returned the girl coolly, "that I think you're a dirty, mean fellow; but rather than see father ill used, I'll help you. How much do you want?"

"Nothing less than five twenties 'll do me any good," rejoined the rowdy sulkily, mollified by the prospect of getting the money; but smarting under the epithets applied to him. The girl drew an elegant purse from her pocket, counted out five twenty dollar gold pieces, and threw them contemptuously toward her brother, who caught them dexterously, pocketed them, and clapping his hat on with a saucier rake than before, swaggered out out of the room, and hunched a surly good-bye at his sister and father with his rowdy shoulders, as he passed out of the door.

Unnoticed by the old man, though. From the moment he saw Amy take the purse from her pocket, and count out the gold, he had been staring at her with a troubled, bewildered air. Now he

leaned forward, and placing his thin hand on the girl's knee asked, in a hoarse whisper, "Amy, where did you get all that money?"

The faintest tinge of additional color rose in Amy's cheeks as he put this question; but it would have been difficult to say whether it was caused by shame or anger. She answered peevishly. "Never you mind where I got the money, father. I didn't steal it, that's enough for you."

The father drew away his hand, and sinking back in his chair, sighed wearily.

Whether the sigh annoyed her, or whether the scene she had just passed through had ruffled her temper, is immaterial; but she suddenly rose, and shook herself, as if to shake off something unpleasant. "Ugh!" she muttered, "You're awfully dull here, I guess I'll go." And with that kissed her father coldly, as before, and swept away.

"Let us follow her," wbispered Hiram, who had heen an agonized spectator of these scenes, to the Phantom.

And they followed her. Followed her from street to street, and store to store, until she arrived at the portals of a house her father knew too well, for the sight of her entrance through the ever open doors caused him to fling his arms above his head, and utter a passionate cry that must have echoed far and wide through Spirit land.

## CHAPTER XI.

# FIRE AND WATER.

RAINY day in San Francisco-not a mere

succession of showers, with bright intervals, but a regular, steady downpour that had commenced long before daylight, and promised to continue long after dark. Every one who had business to do out of doors made up his mind when he got up in the morning that it was a day for thick boots, old clothes and umbrellas. Every one who could by any possibility shirk out-of door business made np his mind at a similarly early honr that it was a day to stay at home and work up domestic arrears. The rain fell in a downright business-like way. eminently Californian. There were no half measures about the weather. It went in for a big thing, or bankruptcy. Montgomery street was sloppy, slippy and desolate. People harried along at a desperate rate, and in place of the usual handshake and chat at the corner, just nodded and sped on. The brokers were driven to the interiors of gloomy offices, and there dolefully whittled sticks, or cast up accounts in a rueful manner. The tradesmen lounged against their doorposts and whistled. They did not for a moment expect any custom, and would have been, perhaps, rather put out than pleased, had any one stepped into their stores to parchase. Front street was stagnant: the merchants sat back in their easiest chairs, in the dim recesses of their ground glass windowed countinghouses, and planting their feet as much higher than their heads as they could put them, read the morning papers in a deliberate and unbusiness-like way. When the great bell at the City Hall informed the city that it was noon by the insane process of striking three, everybody burried off to lunch. It was remarked by the proprietors of saloons where free lunches were kept, that such weather as this was bad for business in one way, and good in another. It was bad, because people always eat twice as much lunch when it rained; it was good, because people drank twice as much whisky, to connteract the effect of the dainp, they said. It is possible that with many persons a very slight excuse is sufficient for eating more lunch, or imbibling more whisky than usual.

But of all the wretched looking imbibers of whisky that the Phantom and Hirau looked upon that day, the man that sbeltered hinself under the verandah at the Old Corner, en Montgomery street, was the wretchedest. There was a fair collection of bunmers banging about the Old Corner at the time, too. Red-eyed, red-nosed, palsied, ragged, dirty, stinking and frowsy, the miserable ereatures erawled around the saloon, longing and suffering, waiting for some victim whom they might assail for a drink, to turn up. But this man was so far worse than the rest that you could not pass him without notice, inless you were very much pre-occupied, or very deficient in the faculty of observation.

In the first place, bis youth was noticeable. He could not have been more than four or five and twenty at the most. In the next place he had at one time been something more than good looking. He had dark brown hair, that curled naturally, and was perhaps about the only feature belonging to him that retained its normal appearance. He had blue eyes. He had a fair complex. ion. He bad a well shaped mouth. But not until the passer-by bad taken a long look at him, would be he likely to notice, or give bim eredit for, any of these things. For the blue eyes were so swollen, and bloodshot, and bleared, and weakened, that he could never keep them wide open, but wrinkled up the lower lids and peered feebly out of the corners. The fair complexion was so stained and spotted with the foul blood that coursed through his fevered veins, that only a pateb here and there of its original color could be discerned. The well shaped mouth was grown so sensual, and weak, and drivelling, that the heavy lower lip bung down with its own weight, and disclosed the broken, blackened teetb inside. His dress was the old wbisky bummer's costume. A greasy felt bat, a torn, and greasy, and dirty coat, a filthy serge shirt, open at the throat, and displaying a chest that might not have been washed for a twelvemontb; a pair of pants that had originally been made for a man some six inebes taller than the present wearer, and bung in bags and folds over his rotten, broken sboes.

As he leaned np against the door post, and gazed stupidly into the street, seeing nothing that be looked at, he presented a spectacle, from top to toe, which ought to have been more beneficial to the eanse of temperance than all the lectures ever delivered by John B. Gongh.

Presently an aequaintance passed him, and he called to him, asking for a chew of tobacco. He seemed to hope that the man would suggest an adjournment to the bar, but he merely gave the tohacco, and hurried away again. The hummer lifted the weed toward his mouth, but with such a palsied, shaking hand, that it was more than once douhtful if he would succeed in reaching that orifice with it; but baving at last got it in front of his lips, he made a sudden bolt at it, as if fearful that he might miss it after all. Then he stood and chewed, stolidly, like an ox, only without the ox's really intelligent expression. The Phantom turned to Hiram:

"Do you recognize your youngest son in that?"
Hiram bowed his head. He had known him
from the first. But he was past speaking now,
and could only fulfill his doom, and look on to the
end.

Presently an idea seemed to bave filtered through Henry Potter's dull brain, and slowly leaving the support of the door post, he shuffled into the middle of the sidewalk, and, with head bent low, and shambling steps, started southward.

Blundering through the pools of water that had formed in the hollows of the asphalte pavement, backing against every passenger who came near him, he made his way to California street, and having waited there some five minutes for a chance to cross, chose a moment when half a dozen vehicles were coming from opposite directions, and after a narrow escape from being run over, arrived, panting, breathless, and more than ever bewildered, at the opposite side of the street. Here he paused to collect his seattered wits, and after a little shuffled on again, until he reached a saloon near Pine street. In front of this salcon, airily impudent and flashily dressed, stood Robert, smoking a eigar. To him the sot addressed himself. It was with no expression of pleasure on his features that the bolder rowdy, turning, saw the figure at his side, and the first words he uttered were in the form of a blasphemous wish that his brother was dead and damned.

What passed between them then it is not to the purpose of the story to relate in detail. Of course, the drnnken fool wanted money; and equally, of course, the sober rascal refused to give it him. There was mutual abuse, feeble on the part of the sot, vigorons on the part of the gambler; but the seene terminated in the shuffling away of the former, and the retreat of the latter into the saloon.

Henry turned his face again to the sonth, and Hiram and the Phantom followed him. They went with him into a dirty court in the southern part of the city, and saw him lie down on a wretched bed in a wretched room, and sleep. They waited until he arose again, and saw him sally forth, nnder the shadow of the friendly night. They were with him when he pawned the last article of value he possessed, and they were by his side when he entered the vile saloon where he expended the proceeds in poisonous drink. They attended him when he emerged, at last, far into the night, more sodden and imhecile than ever, but still with a mauifest purpose about him.

They were close upon him, as, muttering to himself, and occasionally breaking out into a sickening whimper, he shamhled and staggered from street to street, and from alley to alley, and they were at his very heels when he stopped at last, and looked around him, to make sure that he was right.

It was a little court, entered from a street that ran at right angles to one of the main thoroughfares. On the right hand side was a crazy wooden building, propped up with rotting beams. There were no windows in the lower story of this building, and the upper ones were patched up with pieces of boards, and rags of women's dresses, in lieu of panes of glass. A ricketty wooden stairway ran up outside the house, communicating with a door on the second floor. On the left hand side was a vacant lot, where a house had been pulled down some time before. It must have been a long time since any building had stood there, for the excavation where the cellar had been was only partially filled in with earth, and on this earth a rank growth of grass had sprung up. There was a hole left unfilled, some ten feet square, and this hole was now a pool of rain water and drainage, coated over with a loathsome green scum, and thick with abominations. Another crazy huilding blocked up the inner end of the court, and this was all.

Having looked all around the place, and apparently satisfied himself that he had made no mistake, the man lurched up to the wooden staircase, and steadying himself as well as he could, attempted to ascend. But the effort was vain. His weak legs refused to support his weak head, and after some few ill-directed endeavors, he gave it up, and sat down on the lowest step.

After a little, he rose again, and muttering as he went, began fumbling in the mud at his feet. Presently he found what he wanted, a stoue, and flung it with a wild aim at one of the windows ahove. It struck the side of the house and resounded through the court; but if his purpose was to arouse any one inside, it failed, for no sign of life was given from the interior. Again and again he threw stones, hnt all remained silent in the house. Finally, enrsing to himself, he moved round to the hack of the staircase, and looked under it. He found there two casks or barrels; one of them was filled with lime, and the other with shavings and chips. He stood for some moments looking at the two casks, swaying backward and forward, and trying hard to col-

lect himself. Suddenly he uttered a silly chnckle, and mnttered:

"I'll wake the old b-r. I'll wake him."

Then fumbling in his greasy coat, he pulled out something wrapped in a piece of dirty paper, and having examined it, proceeded to roll the cask of shavings into the angle formed hy the staircase and the wall of the building.

Having succeeded in doing this, he paused for breath, and chuckled again, as if ahout to do something very funny. In another minute there was a light under the staircase, and as the drunken fool moved away, the light remained.

He shambled over to the opposite corner, and standing close by the pool of stagnant water on the vacant lot, gazed up at the building, and muttered:

"Guess that'll wake him. Guess that'll wake him, and then he'll have to give me something to go away."

Softly, stealthily, the light grew upon the sight of the watchers. First there was a faint crackling, and then a tongue of flame shot brightly np and embraced the old ricketty staircase, quivering and playing about the steps. For a little while it scemed as if the wet wood refused to burn, but it was only for a little while. Soon a sharper snapping and crackling proved that the fire had caught, and then, almost as if hy magic, a great red flame shot out of the side of the honse, and sprang roaring skyward.

As the fire showed itself thus unmistakably, the deep tones of the Hall bell vibrated through the night, answering the sudden flame. The city seemed to arouse itself in a moment. Where, an instant before all had heen still as death, men were now running and shouting, engines dashing headlong through the streets, hells ringing, and activity reigning. As the first engine tore up the street, and the firemen sprang to their work, the door of the hnrning building opened and an old man appeared on the threshhold, ringing his hands and gazing wildly around for a means of escape. "Look," said the Phantom.

Hiram looked, and in the distracted face above him, lighted by the blaze of the rising flames, he recognized himself—in the years to come.

The drnnken, swaying figure on the corner recognized him too, and shouted something to him.

What that something was will never now he known, for, as he swayed nasteadily hack and forth, a band of firemen came rushing down the court, bearing their hose, and fell full upon him.

There was a cry and a splash, but no one noticed it at the time, in the excitement of saving the old man's life, and when at length they had brought him uuscathed ont of the hurning building, and extinguished the flames, none knew that another ahomination had been added to the foul things that rotted and festered in the stagnant pool.

#### CHAPTER XII.

SENT TO THE ALMSHOUSE.

HE interior of the San Francisco Poo lice Conrt presented a busy scene

3) when the Phantom and his wretched companion looked npon it. There was plenty of work that day, and the badly lighted, badly ventilated room was crowded. The occasional visitor, squeezing his way in at the door through a dozen or so of strong smelling citizens, having answered satisfactorily the question of the policeman on guard, as to whether he had husiness there, found himself involved in a compound of evil odors, arising from the garmouts and persons of some fifty or sixty men, who occupied several rows of benches at the back of the Court. Some of these men were there as witnesses in cases to he tried, hut the majority came mcrely from curiosity, and impelled by the same powerful motive, many of them took their seats regularly, day after day, and week after week, and sat through almost as much nonsense for nothing as did the hard-worked Judge for four thousand dollars per annum.

In front of the rows appropriated to the public, a number of wooden arm chairs were placed, for the use of the attorneys. On the opposite side of the room was the prisoners' dock, above it the reporters' table, and at the head the judicial bench, upon which a stout, grave-faced Judge was sitting.

The business which occupied five eighths of the time of the Conrt was, and had been for a considerable period, of a domestic kind. Putting aside cases of drunkenuess, which were quietly and easily disposed of, family jars undoubtedly held the first place on the calcudar. Not a day passed which was not marked hy one or more of what had come to he called technically, "neighborhood quarrels." It really seemed as if there existed something in the atmosphere that impelled people of a certain class to fall ont with their neighbors, and so snrely as they fell out they hrought their quarrels into the Police Court. Did Mrs. Jones' cat drink the milk that was left at Mrs. Smith's front door, or did Mrs. Brown's bahy slap Mrs. Robinson's hahy, or did Mrs. Perkins, in emptying her dish water, spill half a pint of it on the wrong side of Mrs. Jenkins' fcnce, the aggricved party could never rest until the matter had heen ventilated in the Police Court. But, perhaps, hesides a natural yearning after litigation in a small way, to he met with frequently among poor people, another reason for the length and obstinacy of these trials, might be discovered.

The Sau Francisco Police Court was much like other Police Courts in this respect; that it had attached to it as hangers-on, a considerable nnmher of impecunious persons, calling themselves attorneys. Some among them possessed sufficient talent to show that they might, at one time, have done well in the world; but these had thrown

desperately away every opportnuity presented to them, and now, in middle age, were fit for little else than to hang round the door of this the lowest of the Conrts, and gather, honestly if they might. hut at all events gather, what crnmbs and scraps of practice could be wrung ont of the poor frequenters of the place. There was something revolting, and suggestive of predatory hirds, in the way these gannt and hollow-eyed creatures hovered around a new client, fearful even to the last moment lest some holder bird should swoop down and carry off their prey.

And yet there was a qualnt notion of honor among them too. When they had taken the last dollar that could be ground from a prisoner, they felt bound to exert themselves to the ntmost in his hchalf, and thus would waste the time of the Court hy the most ontrageonsly absord and irrelevant speeches, stretching cross-examination to the verge of intolerable impertinence, and doing their best to impress their client (who was nearly always convicted), with the powers of the man in whom he had reposed his case.

And there was another feature in the business of the Police Conrt which attracted the attention of visitors. This was the peculiar working of the law which admits defendants in criminal cases to testify in their own hehalf. The result of a month's observation of the kind of testimony thus obtained would have been a conviction, in the mind of the ohserver, either that defendants, as a rule, perjured themselves shamefully, or that defendants, as a rule, were the victims of deep laid conspiracies. It was, moreover, noticed that when a Police Judge had sat long enough on the hench to form an opinion of the value of this kind of testimony, the nature of that opinion was revealed in the fact that he subsequeutly gave his decisions without regard to the evidence of the defendant; whence some people deduced the theory that he looked upon the statement of defendant as an inceresting episode, taken from an imaginative point of view, hnt declined to give it any weight in connection with the case on trial.

But the Police Court went on, under easy sail. There were daily so many sodden, stapid men to be sentenced for drunkenness. There were, every day, so many truculent men and women to he sentenced for assault. There were, every day, so many cases of misdemeanor to be disposed of. There were, every day, so many cases of petty thefts to he investigated. There were, nearly every day, so many bad hoys to he examined, preparatory to sending them to the Industrial School. And, to vary the monotony, there was, nearly every day, some case of hnrglary, or grand larceny, or assault with a deadly weapon, or mayhem; at the calling on of which the reporters, sitting listlessly at their table, half asphyxiated hy the bad air, would rise to their feet, and come hopefully forward, seeking if perchance they might pick out of the mass of froth called evidence, some morsel that would help to amnse their insatiate master, the public.

Truly, there was but little of the hright side of hnman nature to be met with in the Police Court. Vice, crime, anger, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, were there represented daily. Rapacity, falsehood, peculation, brutality, envy, jealousy, and all manner of depravity, were freely exposed. But for anything of charity or mercy, of henevolence or friendship, of humanity or honor, of gentleness or forbearance, it was the worst place in the city to look into.

So, perhaps, thought Prosecuting Attorney Louderhack, that plucky and determined public servant, as he rose day after day, and insisted, too often vainly, upon due punishment being meted ont to hardened offenders.

But the Police Court went on, under easy sail. And, at length, the more important cases having been disposed of, either by decision or postponement (the latter being the favorite method), the Judge was informed that there was an old man present who, it was suggested should be sent to the almshouse.

He had heen burned ont a night or two before, and one of his sons had been found drowned in a pool of water close to the destroyed building. This event had seemed to stupefy him, and he had been wandering aimlessly ahout the streets ever since. He had no friends so far as was known, and no money; he was getting old, and the almshouse was huilt for just such unfortunates as he.

So thought the Judge, and after looking piteously npon the poor white-headed wreck that was hrought before him, he signed the order for his admission to the above named institution.

The Phantom and Hiram saw him do it, and followed the feeble steps of the old man, as he was conducted by an officer out of the Conrt room, and down the steps, into Merchant street.

Old Potter uttered no word while his fate was being decided, nor did he speak when he was led away.

The calamities that had befallen him in such quick succession had brought their own remedy, and the force of the shock had mercifully dulled the heart and brain that might otherwise have been crushed beneath it.

He had proceeded bnt a few steps, when there was a sudden hubbub in the street below, and the policeman turned round to see what the cause of it was. Just then two excited men burst ont of a saloon close hy, cursing and striking at one another. They were both much the worse for liquor, and were evidently desperadoes of the most dangerons class. After exchanging blows for a moment or two, they separated, as if by mutual consent, and both put their hands behind them. On seeing this movement the crowd that had gathered round them scattered and ran. In another instant two pistols were pointed, and two reports rang ont, almost simultaneously. Neither of the com-

hatants appeared to be hurt, but the policeman who was leading the old man felt a sudden weight on his arm, and turned just in time to receive the fainting form of his charge in his arms.

"My God," he cried, passionately, "you've hit the old man!"

His cry was so loud that even the rowdies were startled by it, and pausing from their mnrderons work, turned and looked.

The taller of the two started, and striding up to where the old man lay, disclosed the features of Robert Potter.

As the crowd closed in around the dying man, a thick mist enveloped Hiram and the Phantom, and shut out the scene.

He was himself once more, lying, as it seemed to him he had lain, long, long ago, in his quiet bed at home. As he awoke to a sense of his existence in the body, he hecame aware that the Phantom was again standing before him, and again the low voice seemed horne in upon him.

"I have shown you," said the Spirit, "the things that may be in the futnre. In the persons of your own dear ones, in the careers of those you love hest, you have seen the result of your most cherished theories. You have looked, and I helieve you have learned." From the depths of the passionate sincerity that heaved his breast, Hiram answered:

"I have seen my most cherished theories fade and melt away before the light of truth. I have learned that the staff I have heen leaning on so confidently is hnt a broken reed at best. I have seen that the boast I made to myself was a shallow delnsion, and that while I imagined I was setting an example to my brethren to be followed nnto prosperity and glory, I was, indeed, setting an example which would lead them to calamity and shame. I see that while I took credit to myself for being a good citizen, I was one of the worst-for I neglected those of my own household. O, Spirit of the Future, teach me to remember that without home infinences and home discipline, there can be no home virtue or home happiness, and that the safety of the community is endangered by every parent who neglects his dnty in these respects. Give me hope that in the years to come, I and mine may yet escape the doom, the terror of the memory of which still hangs about me."

While he was speaking, the form of the Phantom seemed to dilate, until, as he concluded, its lnminous presence shone throughout the room.

"With yourself rests the remedy," it replied. "I can hut point out the error. As you form me, so I shall be; light or dark, weak or powerful, good or evil. You have had your lesson, and my task is accomplished. Farewell."

As it uttered the last word the radiance hegan to die out from it, and slowly the dark mist resumed its place, to vanish in turn, itself. But before Eigram had time to think, the faint light of another

day stole into the room, and with it came the sound 4 over the very house, and seeming to embrace it of Christmas bells.

Soft and clear over the sleeping city the sweet bells pealed-now sounding far away, as the wind caught the tones, and bore them to the pillows of other anxious men; now close and full, hovering sportfully. But far or near, loud or faint, bearing ever upon the Christmas air the legend of the

"Glory to God in the highest: and on earth peace, good will toward men."

THE END.











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